



Although the Cannon, and the Gunnes sh. Drum  
Have strooke the Quire mute, — the Organs Dumb.  
Yet Musicks Art with Aye and String, and V oyce  
Makes land the Sad, and Sorrows to Silence.

The Treasury of Musick:  
*CONTAINING*  
**AYRES**  
AND  
**DIalogues**  
To Sing to the  
**THEORBO-LUTE**  
OR  
**BASSE-VIOL.**

*C O M P O S E D*  
By M<sup>r</sup> HENRY LAWES, late Servant to His Majesty  
in His Publick and Private MUSIC;  
*And other Excellent MASTERS.*

*In Three Books.*



L O N D O N,  
Printed by William Godbid for John Playford, and are to be Sold at his Shop  
in the Temple, near the Church Dore. 1669.



## TO ALL LOVERS OF VOCALL MUSICK.

GENTLEMEN,



His Book hath found such generall welcome, that the Impression is all bought off, and I am called upon for more; which hath caused me to Reprint it, but with very large Additions: I have not given you all my store, but with good Advice Selected only such Ayres and Dialogues as are known to be Excellent, as well as now most in Request; and those so familiar and easie, as are usefull to the Teacher, and commodious for the Scholar, especially such as lie Remote from London. The Musick is of Three Varieties, and is therefore printed distinct: First, those for One Voyce, next for Two, and then those for Three: The whole contains One hundred twenty four choice Songs, and all (except very few) of late Compositions, In the setting forth of which, my care, pains, and charge hath not been small, by procuring true and exact Copies, and daily attending the oversight of the Preffe, as no prejudice might redound either to the Authors or Buyer: And herein I resolve to meet with these Mistakers, who have taken up a new (but very foul) opinion, That Musick cannot as truely be Printed as Prick'd, (and which is more ridiculous) that no Choice Ayres or Songs are permitted by Authors to come in print, though 'tis well known that the best Musicall Compositions, either of our owne or Strangers, have been and are tendered to the World by the Printers hand; To convince the former, and to testify my Gratitude to those Excellent Masters, from whose owne hands I received most of these Compositions; doe I say thus much, that this my present Endewor and care in the true and exact publishing this Book will redound to Publick Benefit, and the Authors Reputation, as well as my owne Advantage; which may give yet further Incouragement to

A Faithfull Servant to all Lovers of Musick,

JOHN PLAYFORD.

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### An Alphabetical Table of the Ayres and Dialogues in this Book.

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### ADVERTISEMENT.

Caution Sirs,  
Because I mean to deal very openly, and cover nothing (though never so small) I must beg the Buyer to take notice that the Folio from 51 to 65 are mistaken by the Printer; As for other Errata's in the Middle (whereof all Books have some) they are so very few, small and incon siderable, that I hope I shall need only to crave the Judicious to mend with the it self.

# A Catalogue of Musick Books sold by John Playford at his Shop in the Temple.

Books for Vocal Musick.	Books for Instrumental Musick.
1. Mr. Wilby's Madrigals of 3, 4, 5 and 6 Voyces.	1. Mr. East Set of Fancies for Viols, containing 6 Fantasies for two Bass-Viols, 9 Fantasies for two Trebles and a Bass, and 12 Fantasies of 4 parts.
2. Orlando Gibon's 5 Parts for Viols and Voyces.	
3. Dr. Champion's Ayres for 1, 2, or 3 Voyces.	
4. Mr. Walter Porter's first set of Ayres and Madrigals for 2, 3, 4, and 5 Voyces, with a Through Bass; for the Organ or Theorbo Lute, the Italian way: Printed 1659.	2. Court Ayres, of two parts, Bass and Treble, Viols or Violins, containing 245 Ayres, Corants and Sarabands; Composed by Dr. Coleman, Mr. William Lawes, Mr. John Jenkins, Mr. Ben Rogers of Windsor, Mr. Christopher Sympon, and others: Printed 1657.
5. Mr. Walter Porter's second Set of Psalms or Anthems for two voyces to the Organ or Theorbo-Lute: Printed 1657.	3. Mr. Matthew Lock his Little Consolet of Three parts, Pavans, Almains, Corants and Sarabands, for Two Trebles and a Bass, for Viols or Violins: Printed 1657.
6. Mr. William Child (late Organist of his Majestie's Chapel at Windsor) his Psalms for three voyces, after the Italian way, to be sung to the Organ, the which are Engraven on Copper plates: Printed 1656.	4. Musicks Recreacion on the Lyra Viol, Containing 100 Lessons, viz. Preludiums, Almains, Corants, Sarabands, and several new and pleasant Tunes for the Lyra Viol, with Instructions for beginners: Printed 1656.
7. Select Ayres and Dialogues by Dr. Wilson, Dr. Colman, Mr. Henry Lawes, and others: Reproduced with large Additions 1659.	5. A Book of New Lessons for the Cithren and Gittern, containing many new and pleasant Tunes, with plain and easie Instructions for Beginners thereon: Printed 1659.
8. Ayres and Dialogues set forth by Mr. H. Lawes, First Book fol. Printed 1653. viz., his Second Book fol. Printed 1655. Third Book fol. Printed 1658.	6. The Dancing Master, containing 132 New and Choice Country Dances, Directing the Learner the manner how to understand the several Figures and Movements thereof; Also the Tunes for ever each Dance, very useful to such as Practise on the Treble Violin; In which Book is added 42 French Corants, and other Tunes to be plaide on the Treble Violin: Printed 1657.
9. Mr. John Gamble his first and second book of Ayres and Dialogues, first printed 1657, second 1659.	All sorts of Ruled Paper for Musick ready Ruled, also Books of several Sizes ready bound up of very good Ruled Paper; Also very good Ink to prick Musick.
10. A Book of Catches and Rounds collected and published by John Hilton 1651, and now with large additions by John Playford, newly Reprinted 1658.	
11. An Introduction to the Skill of Musick, Vocal and Instrumental, with Instructions for the Violin, by J. Playford, newly Reprinted 1658.	
12. The Art of Descant, or composing Musick in parts, written by Dr. Champion, and enlarged by Mr. Christopher Simpson printed 1655.	

## Musick Books shortly to come forth.

A most Excellent Treatise of Musick, Entituled, *The Violif*, or an Introduction to play Divisions in a Ground, Teaching all things necessary to the Knowledge of the Viol, as also the Rudiments of Composition by Matter of that Instrument, Mr. Christopher Simpson.

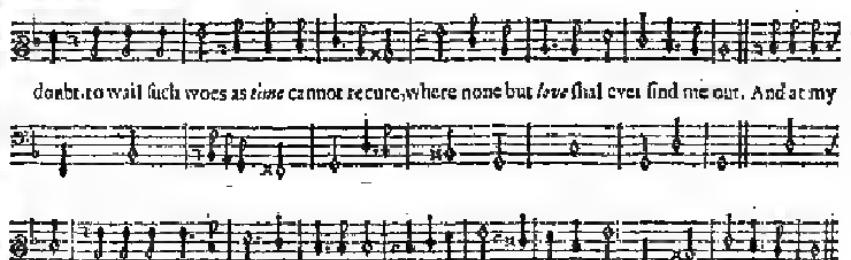
Also a Book for the Virginali, containing variety of new and choice Lessons, also Toys, and Jigs, Fitted for the practice of young Learners.

[1]

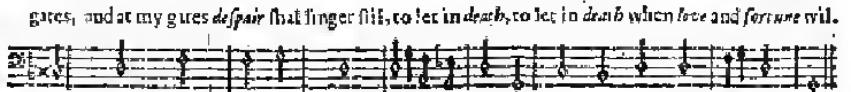
## A Lovers Melancholy Repose.



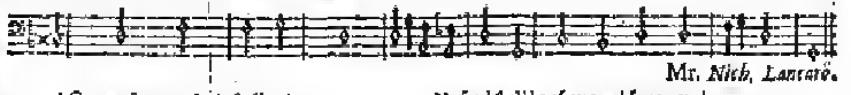
Ike Hermit poor in pensive place obscure, I mean to spend my days of endles



doubt to wait such woes as time cannot reure, where none but love shall ever find me out. And at my



gates, and at my gates despair that finger fit, to let in death, to let in death when love and fortune wil.



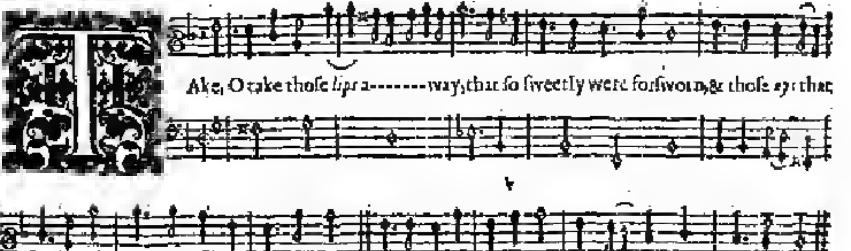
Mr. Nish, Lancast.

A Cowne of gray my body shall attire,  
My staffe of broken howperwhereon I'll stay,  
Of late repenteance link with long defre,  
The couch is farr'd whereon my limbs I lay,  
And at my gates, &c.

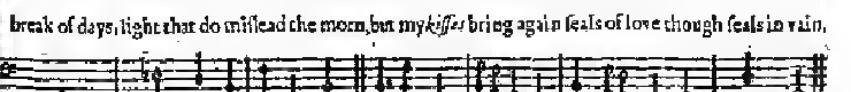
My food shall be of care and sorrow made,  
My drink moughte be but tears halfe from mine eyes,  
And for my light in this obscure shade,  
The flame may serve, which from my heart arste,  
And at my gates,

## Lovers ingratitude.

and by Simpson.



Ake, O take those lips a-----way, that so sweetly were forsworne, & those ey's that



break of day, light that do mislead the morn, but my kis's bring again seals of love though seals in vain.



Dr. Watson.

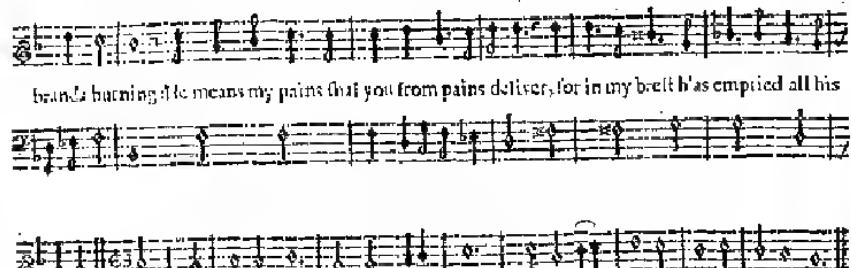
Hide, O hide those Hills of Snow  
That thy frozen Blestome bears,  
On whose tops the Pinks that grow,  
Are yet of those ill April wears:  
But first see my poor heart free,  
Bound in thole icy Chaines by thee,

O. B. v.

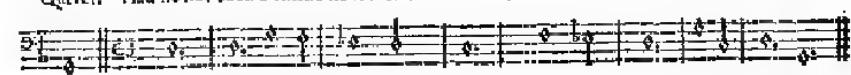
[2]

*Cupid's weak Artillery.*

One Lovers all to me, and tease you; mourning : Love hath no shafts to shoot, no more



brands burning. He means my pains that you from pains deliver, for in my brest h'as empried all his



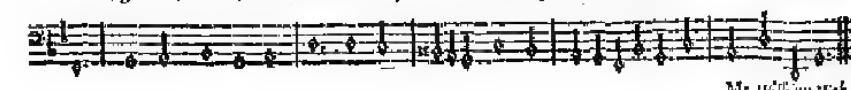
Mr. Henry Lawes.

*Love preferring Virtue above Wealth.*

He that loves me for my self, for affection, nor base self, ne'r regarding my de-



scorn, gesture feature, but intent she, on- ly she, she, only she, deserves to be be-lovd of me.



Mr. William Hob.

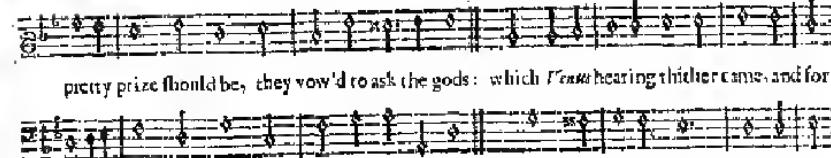
She that loves me for no end,  
But because I am her friend;  
Never doubting my desire,  
But believ'd it farred fire:  
She, only she, deserves to be belov'd of me.

She that loves me with re-solve  
Ne're to let her till dissolve i  
Slighting all things, that stern fate  
May hereafter seem to threat:  
She, only she, deserves to be belov'd of me.

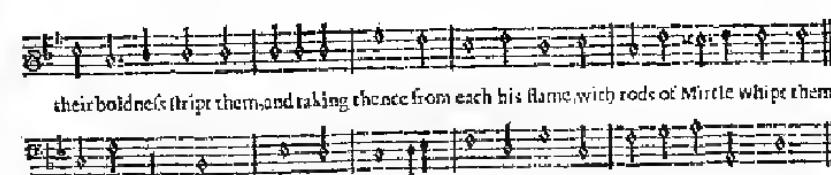
[3]

*A strife betwixt two Cupids reconciled.*

Bout the sweet Bag of a Bee, two Cupids fell in ods; and whoso the



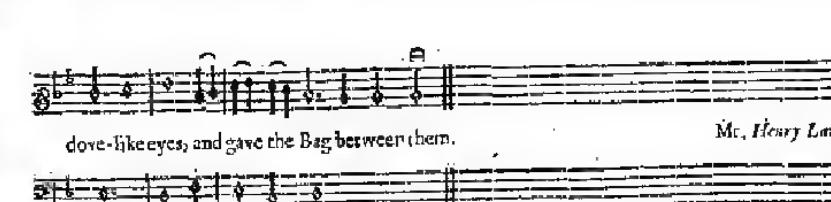
pretty prize should be, they vow'd to ask the gods: which *Venus* hearing thither came, and for



their boldness stript them, and taking chance from each his flame, with rods of Mirtle whipe them:



which done, to still their wanton crycs, and quiet grown shad seen them, the kist and dry'd their



dove-like eyes, and gave the Bag between them.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

[4]

*Venus lamenting her lost Adonis.*

Akemy *Adonis*, do not die, one life's enough for thee and I; where are thy  
 locks, thy wiles thy fears, thy frowns, thy smiles? alas, in vain I call, one death hath so much them  
 all, yet death's not deadly in that face death in those looks is self hath grace; 'twas this, 'twas this I  
 feared, when thy pale ghost appear'd, this I prefag'd, when ——— than ——— doting free  
 tore the best Mistle in my grove, when my sick rose buds lost their smell, & from my temples untouched  
 fell and 'twas for some such thing, my Dove first hung her wing. Whither art thou my Deity gone?

[5]

I know in I know there is none: in vain a god's now am I, only to grieve and not to die; but I will  
 love my griefs make tears my tears relief, and sorrow shall to me a new *Adonis* be: And this the  
 fates shan't rob me of whilst I ——— a god's am to grieve and not to die. Dr. Colman.

*To his Love Answering No.*

Tay, flay, O lay, that heart, I vow 'tis mine avish'd ston' hence by her whose parts divine;  
 words cannot fully speak, now feels her care, whose an-ly No, sent from her lips most pure,  
 makes it thus range from me, wo's me that No, lost me that heart, and fills its place with wo.  
 343 51

O hold a Gif, I come yer fer to fly,  
 I cannot move, 'm joy both shoud dy  
 Perhaps the may relent, and with me yea  
 Give in a second life, treble our blis;  
 If noo, farewell my heart, I've pleasd mine eyes  
 Since thou art lookest thee hit sacrifice,

Dr. Colman.

[6]

*On his Lov's Absence.*

Ring back my comfort and return, for well thou know'st that I in such a vigorous  
passion burn, that missing thee I dye : return, return, insult no more, return, return, and me re-

Absence in most, that quenches love,  
And cooles their warm desire ;  
The ardor of my heat improves,  
And makes the flame aspire :  
The maxim therefore I deny,  
And term it though a tyranny,  
The Nurse to Faith, to Love, to Constancy.  
Mr. Edward Colman.

*Beauty clouded with grief.*

If dearill should you weep, when I relate the story of my woe ? let not the swarthy

mill of my black fate o'recall thy beauty so : For each rich peal lost on that score adds to mis-

Quench not those flax that to thy blis should guide,  
O stay that precious peace !  
Nor let those drops upon my deluge tyde  
To drown thy beauty there,  
That cloud of sorrow makes it nigh,  
Y ou lose your Lucifer, but World its Light.  
Mr. Edward Colman.

[7]

*On Lov's Artillery.*

O more blind Boy, for see my heart is made thy quiv'ry where reftab's no

royd place for an other dart ; and 2-lis that conquest gains small prayse, that on ly brings a-

way a tame and un-resisting prey : behold a noble Foe all arm'd, desires thy weak Ar-ti-ler-y,

that hath thy bow and quiver charm'd, a Reboll Beuty conq'ring thee ; if thou dar't e-quall

combattry, wound her, for 'tis for her I dye.

Mr. Jeremy Savile.

*On the Vicissitudes of Love.*

E that will not love, must be my Scholar, and learn this of me, there be in  
love as many fears as the Summer corn hath ears; sighs, and sobs, and troubles more than the  
find that makes the shour: Now an Ague, then a Fever, both tormenting Lovers e-ver. Would it  
thou know he did all these, how hard a Woman 'tis to please? how high she's priz'd whose worth's  
but small: little thou'lt love, or nought at all.

Mr. Williams Lawyer.

*A false designe to be cruel.*

N vain fair Chars, you designe, to be cruel, to be kind; for we know,

with all your arts, you never hold but willing hearts; men are too wise to expire with broken

(batts, and painted fire,

The Lady Deering  
Composing.

## II.

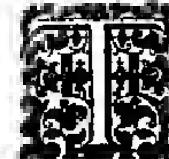
And if among a thousand Swains  
Some one of Love, or Faze complains;  
And all the flats in hev'n die,  
With Cleo's lip, or Celia's eye:  
'Tis not their love the Youth would chuse,  
But the glory to chuse.

Then wisely make your prize of those  
Want wits, or courage to oppose;  
But tempt me not that can discover  
What will redeem the fonder Lover;  
And sic the fist, lest it appear  
Your pow'r is measur'd by our fear.

## IV.

So the rude wave securely shocks  
The yeilding Bark, but the rifl rocks  
If it attempt, how soon again  
Broke and diffolv'd it fills the Main?  
It foams and roars, but we deride  
Alike its weakness, and its pride.

[10]

*Constancy in Love.*


Is not it's pow'r of all thy scorn or un-relenting hate, to quench me,  
flames, or make them burn with heat more temperate; still do I struggle with despair, and ever  
complaining; and though you ne'er prove less severe, He dore up-- on my pain,

(a) Yet meaner beauties cannot claime  
In Love this tyranny,  
They must pretend an equal flame,  
Or else our passions die;  
You fate Clarinda you alone  
Are priz'd at such a rate,  
To have a Votary of one  
Whom you do reprobate.

Mr. Henry Lewis.

*On Inconstancy.*


Makke me not, I am as cold as hot: Mistake me not, I am as cold as hot;  
Although my tongue betray my heart ore night, ere morn, ere morn, ere morn I'm alter'd quite.

II. Sometime I burn, and straight to let I burn,  
That's nothing to unconstancy as my mind,  
I change ~~as~~ ~~as~~ with every wind.

III. Perhaps in jest, I said I lov'd thee best,  
But 'twas no more, then what not long before  
I wurd ~~to~~ ~~to~~ to think more.

IV. Then perchee see, thou gif't no heed to me,  
For when I cannot keep my word a day,  
What hope ~~as~~ ~~as~~ had I then to day.

Mr. Thos. Browne.

[11]

*On Womans Inconstancy.*

Atch me a Star that's fal-ling from the Skie, Caue an Immortal

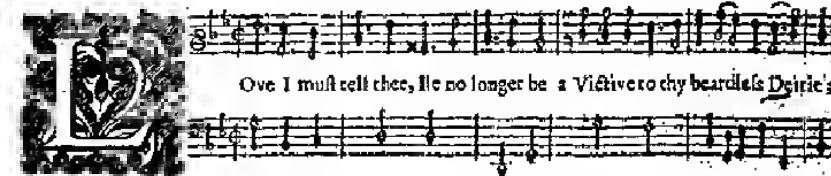
creature for to die; Stop with thy hand the Current of the Seas, Peirce the earth's Center

to th' Antipodes; Cause Time to stop, and call back Yesterday, Cloath ~~J-a-m-a-r-y~~ like the

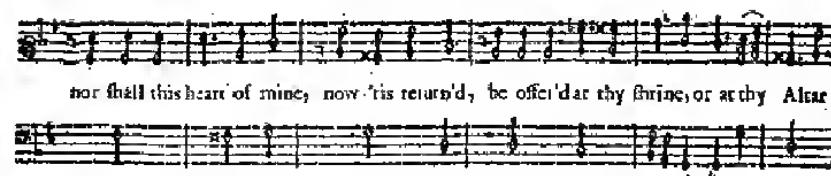
moneth of May; Weigh me an ounce of Flame, Blow back the wind; Then hift thou found

Faith in a Womans mind.

John Playford.

*A Resolution not to Love.*

Ove I must tell thee, Ile no longer be a Victim to thy beardless Dardies



nor shall this heart of mine, now 'tis return'd, be offer'd at thy Shrine, or at thy Altar



burr'd. Love like Religions made an Ayre name, to awe those souls whom want of



wit makes come.

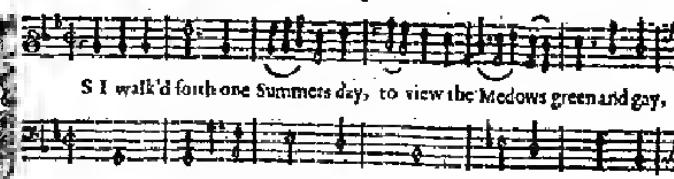
*John Playford.*

## II.

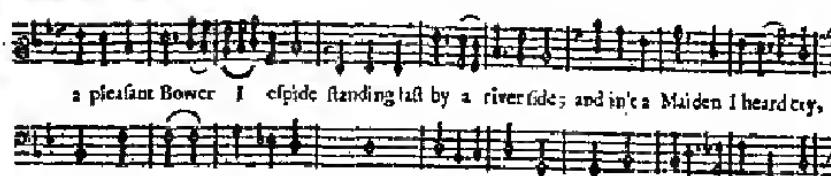
There's no such thing as Quiver, Shaft, or Bow,  
Nor do's Love wound, but we Imagine so:  
Or if it do's perplex and grieve the mind,  
'Tis the poor maſculine ſet: women no sorrow find.  
'Tis not our part or perſon that can move 'um,  
Nor is't men's worth, but wealth, makes women love 'um.

## III.

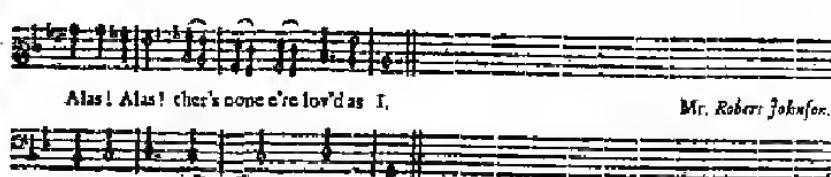
Reafon henceforth, nor Love, ſhall be my guide,  
Our fellow Creatures ſhan't be defideſt:  
He's now a Rebell be, and fo pull down  
That diſtaſt Hierachy and females fanci'd crown.  
In theſe unbridled times who will not thrye  
To free his neck from all prerogative,

*A Forsaken Lover's Complaint.*

S I walk'd forth one Summers day, to view the Meadows green and gay,



a pleasant Bower I espide ſtanding left by a riverſide; and in't a Maiden I heard cry,



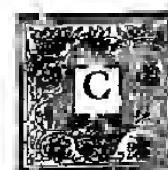
Alas! Alas! ther's none e're lov'd as I,

*Mr. Robert Johnson.*

II.  
Then round the meadow did ſhe walk,  
Catching each flower by the stalk;  
Such flowers as in the meadow grew,  
~~The Dead-men's Thumb~~, an Hearb all blew,  
And as ſhe pull'd them, ſill cry'd ſhe,  
Alas! Alas! none e're lov'd like me.

III.  
The Flowers of the ſweetest ſents  
She bound about with knoſty Bands,  
And as ſhe bound them up in Bands  
She wept, ſhe fight'd and wrung her hands,  
Alas! Alas! cry'd ſhe,  
Alas! none was e're lov'd like me.

IV.  
When ſhe had fill'd her Apron full  
Of ſuch green things as ſhe could call,  
The green leaves ſerv'd her for a Bed  
The Flowers were the Pillow for her head:  
Then down the laid, ne'er more did ſpeak;  
Alas! Alas! with Love her heart did break,

*At a Masque, to invite the Ladies to Dance.*

Ome come noble Nymphs & do nor hide the joys for which you so provide;  
 If not to mingle with us men, what make you here? go home again. Your dressings do confess  
 by what we see, so curious parts of Pillars, and Arackes Arts, that you could mean no less.

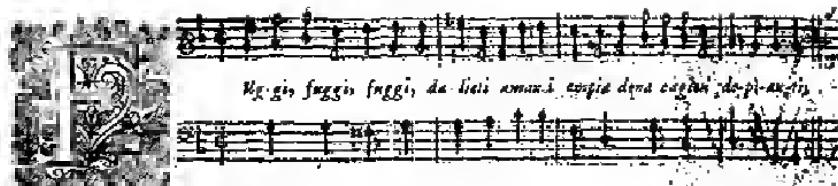
## II.

Mr. William Webb.

Why do you were the Silk-worms toys?  
 Or glory in the Shell-fish spoils?  
 Or strive to show the grains of Ore  
 That you have gathered long before?  
 Whereof to make a Stock  
 To graft the greener Entail'd on,  
 Or any better water'd Stone,  
 Or Ruby of the Rock.

## III.

Why do you smell of Amber-greece,  
 Wherof was formed *Nepomus* Neece,  
 The Queen of Love? unless you can  
 Like Sea-born *Venus*, love a man?  
 Try, pur your selves unto't:  
 Your Looks, and Smiles, and Thoughts that meet;  
 Ambrosian hands, and Silver-feet,  
 Do promise you will do't.

*An Italian Ayre.*

Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, da lieli amari, e gioie d'ona cagion de piacere,  
 Che n'gia per essere Crudele ma per essere ingrata & infidele, ogni core i'ba in hore, fuggi, fuggi,  
 fuggi, che chiti mira perche nivi pe'ANGE e soi pira.

Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, fallace fera  
 Frede in ferme empia me gera  
 Che se bene hai di donar l' affetto  
 Di farla unte le nascendi nel peccato  
 Tenta danni tutt' inganno  
 Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, chi ogn' ne che l'ama  
 Il tuo ben prenge, e il tuo mal brama.

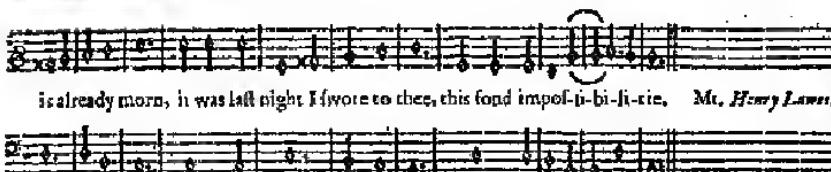
*A French Ayre.*

Alor me dire, che d' amar nevero, amar nevero che d' amor me dire, amar me fage,  
 AMOR me stringe, non poi a pre, non poi a put,

[16]

*Loves Scrutiny.*

Hy shouldst thou swear I am forsworn since thine I vow'd to be? Lady it



is already morn, it was last night I swore to thee, this fond impo-fu-bi-li-rie. Mr. Henry Lawes.

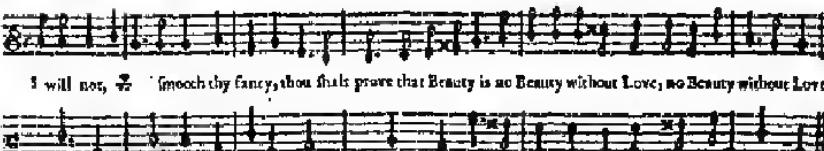
II.  
Have I not lov'd thee much and long,  
A tedious twelve hours space?  
I should all other Beauties wrong,  
And rob them of a new embrace,  
Should I still dote upon thy face.

III.  
Not that all Joys in thy brown hair  
By others may be found:  
But I will search the black, the fair,  
Like skilfull mineralists that found  
For treasures in unplow'd ground.

IV.  
Then if when I have lov'd thee rounds  
Thou givest the pleasant lie,  
In specks of instant Beauties crown'd,  
I laden will return to thee,  
Ev'n studded with varietie.

*No Beauty without Love.*

You are not faire for all thy red and white; for all those Ruffles or waitements to thee.  
You are not sweet nor made of mere delight; nor fair, nor sweet unless thou play me.



I will not, smooch thy fancy, thou shal prove that Beauty is no Beauty without Love; no Beauty without Love.

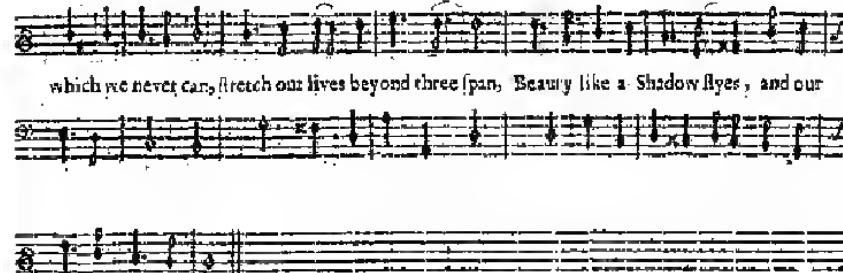
II.  
Yet love me not, nor seek thou to allure  
My thoughts with beauty, write it now divine;  
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,  
I'll ne'er be wrap up in those arms of thine,  
Nor then if thou be a woman right,  
Imbrace, and kisse, and love me in despite.

Mr. Nick. Lawes.

[17]

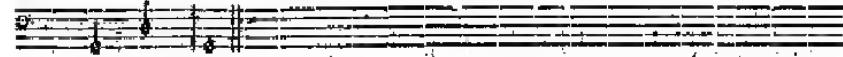
*Delayes in Love breeds Danger.*

Hillis, why should we de-lay, plea-sures shortner than the day? Could we,



which we never can, stretch our lives beyond three span, Beauty like a Shadow flies, and our

Youth before us dyes.

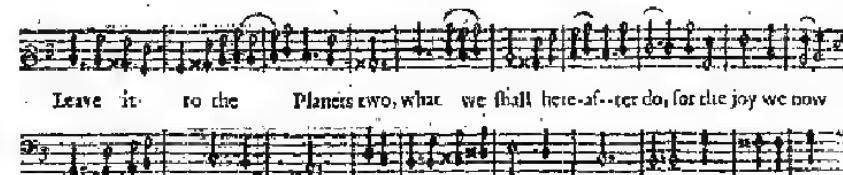


II.

Or would Youth and Beauty stay,  
Love ha's wings, and will away;  
Love ha's swifter wings than time,  
Change in love too oft do's chime;  
Gods ha's never change their late,  
Very oft their love and hate.

III.

*Phillis*, to this truth we owe  
All the love betwixt us now;  
Let not you and I require  
What ha's been our past desire;  
On what Shepherds you have smil'd,  
Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd.



Leave it to the Planets two, what we shall here-aft-er do, for the joy we now



may prove, take ad-vise of pre-fent love.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

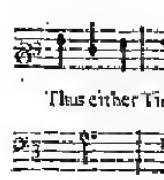
[18]

*On Celia's Coffesse*


F the quick spirit of you Eye now languish, and a-non must dye;  
 If every sweet and every gracefull flye from that for-saken face: Then Celia let us reap  
 our joys, e're time such goodly fruit destroys.

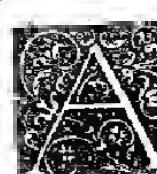
II.

Or if that Golden Fleece must grow, for ever free from aged Snow;  
 If those bright Suns must know no shade, nor your fresh Beauty ever fade;  
 Then Celia see not to bellow,  
 What still being gather'd, still must grow.



Thus either Time his sickle bring in vain, or else in vain his wings. . . . Mr. Henry Lawes.

[19]

*Loves sweet Repose.*

Midst the Mirtlesas I walk, Love and my Sighes have me talk; Tell me said

I, in deep distres, where I may find my Shepherdes. . . . Mr. Henry Lawes.

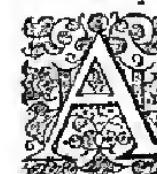
Then Fool (said Love) know'st thou not this,  
 In every thing that's good fit is,  
 In yonder Tulip go and seek,  
 There thou shalt find her Lip and Cheek.

In this image Ild Fancy by  
 There shal thou find her curious Eye;  
 In bloom of Peach, in Rose bed  
 There wave the streams of her blood.

To true, said I, and there you're,  
 And weare and plucke them one by one,  
 To make a pair a union,  
 But on a fiddel all was gone.

At which I slope, (said Love,) these bee  
 Fond man, resemblances of thee;  
 For as these Flowers they joy must dye,  
 Even in the turning of an eye.

And all thy hepes of her must witen,  
 As do these Flowers when knitt together.

*A Willow Garland sent for a Newyears-gift.*

Willow Garland thou didst send last day perfum'd to mee, which did but

only this portend, I was for-skoak of thee. . . . Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.

Since that it is, I'll tell the what,  
 To morrow thou shalt see  
 Me wear the Willow, after that  
 To dye upon the tree.

As Beasts unto the Alter go  
 With Garlands, so I  
 Will with my Willow wreath also  
 Come forth, and sweetly die.

III.

*Loves Victory.*

Ichorious Beauty! though your Eyes are able to sub— due an boast; and  
Therefore are un—like to boast the ta—king of a lit—le prize, do not a single heart despise.

Mr. William Hatch.

II.  
I came alone, but yet so arm'd  
With former love I durst have sworn  
That as her privy coat was worn,  
Worth characters of beauty charmed;  
Thereby I might have escap'd unarm'd,

IV.  
But neither steel nor stony braise  
Are proofs against those looks of thine,  
Nor can a beauty less divine,  
By any heart be long possest,  
Whiles you intend an interell.

III.  
The Conquest in regard of me,  
Alas is small! but in respect  
Of her that did my Love protect,  
Where it divulg'd deserved to be  
Recorded for a Victorie.

V.  
And such a one as chance to view  
Her lovely face, perhaps may stay,  
Though you have holde my heart away;  
If all your servants prove not true,  
May steal a heart or two from you.

*Disdain from Presumption.*

Aries, you that seem so nice, and as cold in shew as Ice, and perhaps have  
held onribites, do not think her in a trice one or other may entice, and at last by some device

Mr. Henry Lawer.

for your honours at a price.

You whose smooth and dainty skin,  
Rouz lips, or cheeks, or chin,  
All that gaze upon you win,  
Yer insult nor, I parts within,  
Slowly burn ere flames begin,  
And presumption still hath bin  
Held a most notorious sin.

*The Careless Lovers Resolution.*

ET longing Lovers sic and pine, and the forsaken Willow weep, Love shall

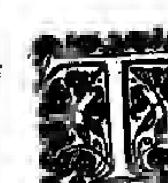
not blit this heart of mine, with ling'ring hope or killing fear: He never love till I enjoy, or lose

my time on her that's coy.

Mr. Henry Lawer.

If Ladies call us to the field,  
And all their Colours there display,  
Alas! they needs must to us yield;  
Since we are better arm'd than they;  
Tis folly then to beg or whine  
For us that are both Masculine.

Then Lovets learn yont strength to know,  
And you may overcome with ease,  
Your enemy fights with a Bow  
That cannot wound, unless you please;  
And he that pines because shee's coy,  
Wants wit, be courage, women say.

*Disdain.*

Ake heed fair Chloris, how you tame (with your disdain) Amister's flame.

A noble heart, when once despis'd, swells unto such a height of pride, 'twil rather buri than

II.                   III.  
You may use common shepherds so,  
My fayres ar lost to storms will grow,  
And blow such tempests upon thy pride,  
Will blast all & have meignards; —  
You are not fair when Love you lack,  
Ingratitude makes all things black.

Mr. Henry Lawer.

*Lover Errition.*

Ell me not I my time mispend, 'tis time lost to reprove me : Enjoy thou

thine, I have my End, so *Chloris* onely love me.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

Tell me not others stocks are full,  
Mine poor, let them despise me  
That more abound with Milk and Wool,  
So *Chloris* only prize me.

For pity thou that wiser art,  
Whose thoughts lies wide of mine ;  
Let me alone with my own heart,  
And I'll ne'er envy thine.

Try other easier cares with these  
Unapparaining Stories ;  
He never feels the Worlds disease,  
That cares not for her Glories.

Nor blame who ever blames my wit,  
That seek's no higher prize  
Then in unenvy'd shades to sit,  
And sing of *Chloris* Eyes.

*Lover Drollery.*

Love thee for thy Fickleness, and great Inconstancy ; for hadst thou been a

constant Lass, then thou hadst ne'r lov'd mee.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

I love thee for thy Wantonesse,  
And for thy Drollerie ;  
For if thou hadst not lov'd to sport,  
Then thou hadst ne'r lov'd mee.

I love thee for thy poverty,  
And for thy want of Coyne ;  
For if thou hadst been worth a Groat,  
Then thou hadst ne'r been mine.

I love thee for thy Hglyness,  
And for thy foolerie ;  
For if thou hadst been falt or wife,  
Then thou hadst ne'r lov'd mee.

Then let me have thy heart a while,  
And thou shall have my mony ;  
The part with all the wealth I have,  
I enjoy a Lass so Bonny.

*Disdain returned.*

E that loves a Rose cheek, or a Corall lip admires; or from-

Star-like eyes doth seek fuel to maintain his fire, as old Time makes these de-cay, so his flames

I I. But a smooth and steadfast mind,  
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,  
must waite a-way.  
II. Hearts with equal love combin'd,  
Kindle never-dying fires :  
Where these are not, I despise  
Lovely Cheeks, or Lips or Eyes.

III. Call, now no tears can win  
My resolv'd heart to return ;  
I have search'd thy soul within,  
And find naught but pride and scorn :  
I have learn'd those Arts, and now  
Can disdain as much as thou.

Some God in my revenge con---vey that Love to her I call a-way. Mr. Henry Lawes.

Ear, leave thy home, and come with mee, that scorn the world for love of thee :

Here we will live within this Park, a Court of joy and pleasures Ark.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

*To his Forsaken Mistresse.*


Do confess th'art smooth and fair, and I might ha' gone ne'er to  
 lovethee, had I not found the slightest pray'r that lip could move, hzd pow'r to move thee.  
 But I can let thee now-a-lone, as worthy to be lov'd by none.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

## II.

I do confess th'art sweet, yet find  
 Thee such an unchristian of thy Sweets;  
 Thy favours are but like the wind,  
 Which kissteth ev'ry thing it meers :  
 And since thou canst with more than one,  
 Th'art worthy to be kis'd by none.

## III.

The morning Rose that untouch'd stands,  
 Arm'd with her briars, how sweet shee finds !  
 But pluck'd, and train'd through ruder hands,  
 Her sweet's no longer with her dwells ;  
 But Sweet and Beautey both are gone,  
 And Leaves fall from her once by ope.

## IV.

Such Fate e're long will thee betide,  
 When thou haft handid been a while,  
 With fear Flow'st to be thrown aside;  
 And I shall sigh when somt will smile,  
 To see thy love to ev'ry one  
 Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none.

*To a Lady singing.*


Hile I mle—en to thy voice, Chloris, I feel my life de—cay, that pow'full noise  
 calls my fleeting soul away; O supprest that magick sound, which deliv'ers without a wound ! Peace, peace, chloris,  
 peace, or singling dye, that together thou and I to heav'n may go ; for all we know of what the blessed do above,  
 is that they sing, and that they love.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

*On a Bleeding Lover.*


Lover once I did espy, with bleeding heart and weeping eye, he wept and cry'd all low  
 great his pain, that lives in love, and loves in vain.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.  
 Can there (sys. 2) no cure be found,  
 But by the hand that gave the wound ?  
 Then let me dye, which I le induces,  
 Since the wands charity to cure.

III.  
 Yet let her once day feel the pain,  
 To wish she had cut'd, and wish in vain ;  
 For without her cheeks may chance recover  
 Some sparks of love, but not a lover.

[26]

*Two Songs in the Play of The Royal Slave.*

Ome from the Dungeon toke Throre, to be a King, and straight be none:

Reign then a while, that thou mayst be fitter to fail by majeslie: So Beatis for sacrifice we  
 feed, first they are crown'd, and then they bleed, they bleed.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

*Love and Musick.*

Ome my Sweet, whilst ev'ry Strain calls our Souls in-to the Ear, where the greedy

listning fain would turn in-to the sound they hear; Jeft in desire to fill the quire, them selves they  
 tie to harmo---ny, let's kiss and call them back a-gain.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

[27]

*A Resolution in choice of a Mistresse.*

Ert thou yet fairer than thou art, which lies not in the pow'r of Art;

or had'st thou in thine Eyes more Darts, then Cupids e--ver shot at Heats; yet if they were not  
 thrown at me, I would not cast a Thought ardule.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

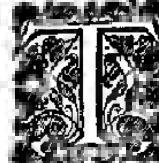
## II.

I'de rather marry a diseafe,  
 Then court the thing I cannot please;  
 She that would cherish my desires  
 Must court my flames with equall fires:  
 What pleasure is there in a Kiss  
 To him that doubts the Heart's not his?

## III.

I love thee not 'cause thou art fair,  
 Softer than down, smoother than air;  
 Not for the Cupids that do lye  
 In either corner of thine Eye:  
 Would youthen know what it might be?  
 'Tis I love you 'cause you love me.

[28]

*Inconstancy in Love.*

O lovethoo without Flattery were a Sin, since thou art all Inconstan-  
cy within ; thy Heart is govern'd only by thine Eyes, the Newest object is thy Richell prize :  
Love mee then jull as I love thee, that's still a fairer I can see,

Mr. Henry Lawr.

## II.

My thoughts are now at liberty, and can  
Love all that's fair, as you can all that's man ;  
I never will hereafter think it strange  
To see thee please thy Aperige with change :  
No I love me jull as I love thee,  
That's still a fairer I can see.

## III.

I hate this constanc doting on a Face,  
Content ne're dwelt a Week in any place ;  
Why then should you and I love one another ?  
Longer then we can be content together ?  
Love mee then jull as I love thee,  
That's still a fairer I can see.



[29]

*Discontent:*

Prethee turn that Face away, whose (piendor) benights the day ;  
Sad Eyes like mine, and wounded Hearts, from the bright rayes which Beauty darts ; Un-  
welcome is the Sunthat pries into those Shades where sorrow lies ! Go shine on happy things,  
to me, that blessing is a misery, whom thy fierce Son not warms but burns, like that the-  
Sooty Indi in turns, I'll serve the night, and there confid, with thee let fair or else more kind.

Dr. John Wilson.



[30]

*Lovers Votary.*

Bid me but live, and I will live, thy Vota-ry to be; or bid me love, and

I will give a loving heart to thee.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

A heart as full, a heart as kind, a heart as soundly free. Bid me to weep, and I will weep, while I have eyes to see,  
 As in the world alone canst not find, that heart I'd give to thee. Or having none, yet I will keep a heart to weep for thee,  
 Bid the heart stay, and it shall stay, and honour thy decree. Thou art my love, my life, my heart, the very eye of me,  
 Or bid it languish quite away and it shall do for thee. And have command of every part, to live and dye for thee,

*To Aurelia.*Right, *Aurelia*, I do owe all the woe I can know to those glorious looks alone, though

you are unclenting stone; the quick lightning from your eyes did sacrifice, ray unwise, thy un-

wary harmless heart, and now you glory in my smart.

Dr. Caius.

How unjustly you do blame  
 That pure flame,  
 From you come;  
 Vext with whom your selfe may burn,  
 Your storn to fender did it turn.  
 The least speake now Love can call  
 That does full  
 On the small  
 Scorch remainder of my heart,  
 Will make it burn in every part.

[31]

*Lovers Flattery.*

Adies fly from loves smoorhtale, oaks sleep in tears do oft prevail, grief is in-

fections, and the air inflam'd with sighs will blast the fair; then flop your ears when Lovers cry, left your  
 selves weep, when no loft eye shall with a sorrowing tear reply that pity which you cast away.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

*To Chloris.*

Ope chloris leave thy wandering sheep, thou shalt more amorous creatures keep; and be the only cauid

Dame, that moves upon this graffe frame; for thou shalt Herds of Cupids have, and Love and I will be thy slave.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

## II.

Nymphs, Satyres, and the Sylvian Pawns,  
 Shall leave the Woods and narrow Lawns  
 To wal on Chloris, and adore  
 These cybres; now no more  
 The name of chloris shall creat  
 A ferlaide in every place.

## III.

In yonder Mire grove we'll dwell  
 With more content than concupisence,  
 Where hungry Moles shall not sifte  
 Thy tender Lambs or thee by night;  
 There we the wanton chevres will play,  
 And stell each other hearts away.

[32]

*Seeing Cupids.*

Mbitrary Love, farwel; you are to trouble some a Guest to affect what doth ex-  
 tell; and to be ever at a Feast: is not the cheapest freest diet, less in joy and less in quiet:  
 Be proud who list Letters of Gold to wear, I like no tedious ceremonious cheer.

**II.**  
 He take such as I find,  
 So it be good, and handsome drest,  
 Pretty, looking freely, kinder,  
 To a good appetite is best.  
 If your Usage do not please you,  
 Change is near you. Change will ease you:  
 Tempest and Feasts the wifeliest disfrest,  
 Let it suffice you find no disrespect.

Dr. Charles Colman.

**III.**  
 Seek not the highest place,  
 The lowest commonly is most free.  
 Less subject to disgrace,  
 Others eyes, or your jealousies.  
 Bold Freedome will improve your taste,  
 When awe imbitters a repast:  
 A doting fancy is a foolish friend,  
 The sweetest welcome makes the sweetest Feast.

**IV.**

It is not Natures way,  
 She made Love no such busie thing,  
 She m eant it a shott lay,  
 A Common-Wear without a King.  
 Her love on ev'ry edge doth grow,  
 Her Fruits are best in Taste and Shew,  
 Her Sweet's extend unto the meaneft Clown,  
 Often most fair, though in a Ruffe Gown.

[33]

*Loves Bachinall.*

Ay that fallen Garland by ther, keep it for th' Elizium shades; take my  
 wreath of lusty I-vy, nor of that faint Mistle made; when I see thy soul descending to that cold un-  
 ferrible Plain of sad fools the Like attending, thou shal wear this Crown a-gain. Now drink  
 wine, and know the ods 'twixt that *Larks*, twixt that *Lake*, twixt that *Larks*, and the Gods,  
 Rose thy dull and drowsie spirits,  
 Here's the soul reviving streams,  
 The stupid Lovers brain inherits,  
 Nonght but vain and empty dreams.  
 By then on that cloudy fore-head,  
 Ope thou valiantly crostid armes;  
 Thou mayst as well call back the buried  
 As calle Love by such like charmes.  
 Think not thou these dismal traces,  
 Which our raptures can content,  
 The Lad that laughs, sings and dances,  
 Shall come soonest to his end;  
 Sacrifice a glassie of Claret  
 To each letter of her name;  
 Gods have oft descended for it,  
 Mortals must do more the same.  
 Cho. Sadesse may some pity move,  
 Mirth and courage, mirth and courage,  
 Mirth and courage conquers love,  
 If she comes not at that flood,  
 Sleep will come, sleep will come,  
 Sleep will come and that's as good.

*Platonick Love.*

Hange Platonicks, change for shame, get your selves a-no-ther name,

This is but a thin disguise, and betray'd to common eyes: Dian and purblind though they  
 bee, your Philo-so-phie they see is but Lay Hypocrisie, and a kind of He-re-sie,

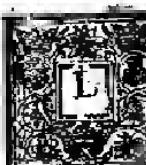
Dr. Colman.

II.

*Please* don't allow'd a Kiss,  
 Nor the like fantalick blis;  
 All the day fit and Ca Goll  
 With Sir Amorous La Fool;  
 Ne'r dreams of that delight  
 Which a Ball presents at night,  
 To apt you to what follows next,  
 Only you corrupt the Text.

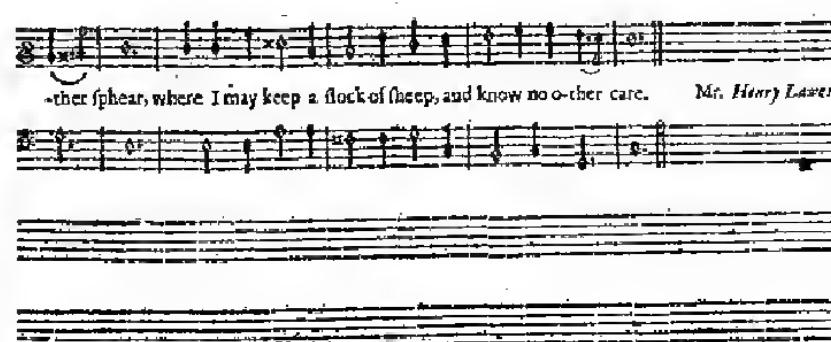
III.

Yet must *Play* justlike  
 All your wanron vanitie,  
 When indeed the truth to say,  
 'Tis Opinion that doth sway.  
 Is a mere Court- Frappery,  
 You act but yor most formerly  
 What your Sex was wont to do  
 Many hundred years ago.

*Love Neglected.*

Idle love serves my turn, 'tis so en-flaming; rather then I will burn  
 Beauty shall court it selfe, it's not worth speaking, He no more Amorous

I will lese giv-ing: for when I think upon't, Oh 'tis so painful, 'cause Ladies have a  
 pang, no more heart-breaking; those that ne'r felt the smart, let them go try it, I have redeem'd my  
 trick, to be disdainfull. No more, no more, I must give o're, for Beauty is so sweet, it makes me  
 pine, distract my mind, and surfeit when I eat. Forgive me Love, if I remove in-to some o-  
 ther sphear, where I may keep a flock of sheep, and know no o-ther care. Mr. Harry Lassen.



## Lovers Wantonness.



Ec, see, how careles men are grown of Love and Loving in our days;

Every ones Heart is now his owne; his Eyes upon no object flays, but hies a while and

goes his ways.

Mr. Henry Lawe.

## II.

Shall Beauty that was went to reign  
Un-rivall'd in each noble breast,  
Command by curas, or else in vain;  
And by new fashion'd minds depriv'd,  
Become an Inn, and love a Gueſt.

## III.

Sure they ſuppoſe her of Glaffe,  
And let her fit in purpoſe fall,  
Then peice-meal would pick up this Maſſe,  
That for one Beuty bow to all,  
And change of Ferrers, Freedome call.

## IV.

Though lowly minded, I will fland  
Wifh much for place, and at no rate  
Give Rebell Lovers th'upper hand,  
That every day new Lords create;  
I ſerve a Monarch, they a State.

## Venus to her Adonis.



One *Adonis*, come away, what dittie could drive thee hence, where fo

much delight doth reigne, forking ev'n the ſoul of Senſe? and though thou un-kind haſt prov'd

never Youth was fo belov'd: Then lov'd *Adonis*, come away, for *Venus* brooks, fo: *Venus*

breaks not this deſſay, for *Venus* brooks not this dday.

Mr. William Lawe.

## Lovers Flattery.

I ſee, when I'm at leature, he that loves half a day fools without meaſure:  
Can love for an hour when I'm at leature, he that loves half a day fools without meaſure:

Cupid then tell me what art had thy mother, to make men love one face more than an other?

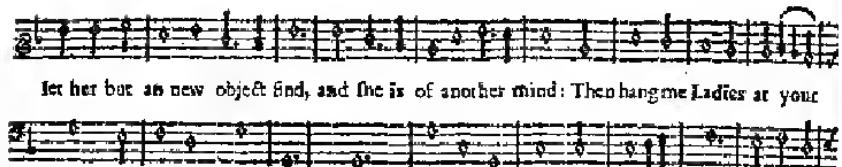
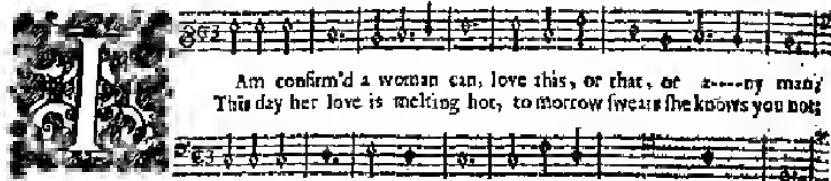
Some to be thought more wile daily endeavour  
To make the World believe they can live for ever!  
Ladies believe them not, they'll but deceive you,  
For when they have their ends then they will leave you. Though they can never do it, yet they'll be fooling.

Men cannot tire themselves on your sweet features,

They have variety of loving Creatures,

Too much of any thing ſets them a cooling,

Mr. William Lawe.

*Inconstancie in Women.*

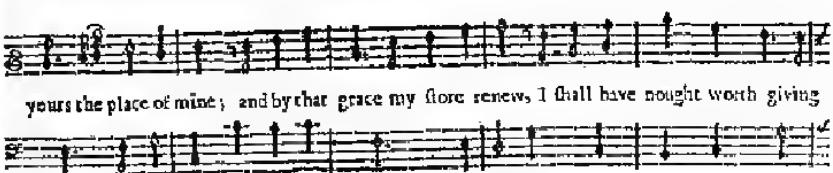
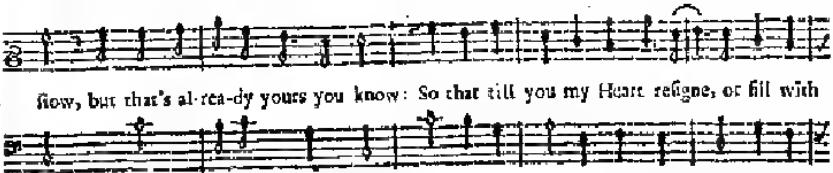
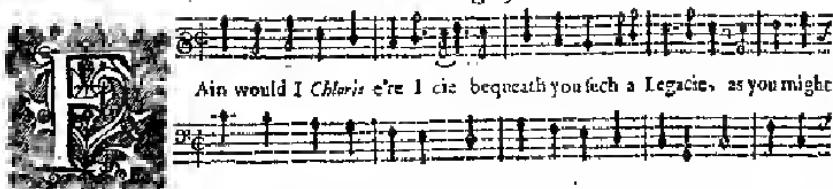
Ms. Henry L. 20.

## II.

Yet still I'll love the fair one, why?  
For nothing but to please mine eye;  
And so the fat and soft skin'd Dame  
I'll flatter, to appease my flame:  
For her that's Mincall I long,  
When I am sad to sing a Song:  
But hang me Ladies, &c.

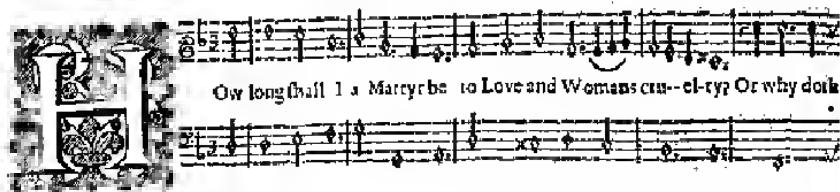
## III.

I'll give my fancy leave to range  
Through every face to find out change:  
The black, the brown, the fair shall be  
But objects of variety.  
I'll count you all to serve my turn,  
But with such flames as shall not burn:  
For hang me Ladies, &c.

*A Lovers Legacy.*

Ms. Henry L. 20.

## Lover Martyr.



Ow long shall I a Martyr be to Love and Womans cru--el-ty? Or why doth  
fuller Fate confine my heart to one that is not mine: had I er'e lov'd as others do, but only  
for an hour or two, then there had more of reason bin why I should suffer for my sin.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

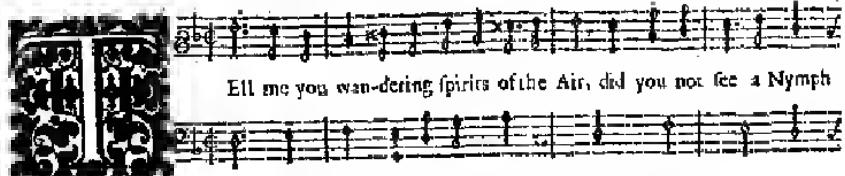
## II.

But Love, thou knowest with what a flame  
I have ador'd my Mistres name:  
How I ne'r offered other fires  
But such as rose from chaste desires:  
Nor have I ere prophaned thy shrint  
With an inconstant fickle minde;  
Yet thou combining with my Fate,  
Hath for'd my love and her to hate.

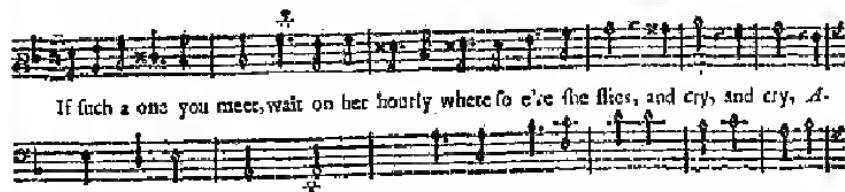
## III.

O Love! if her supremacie  
Have not a greater power then thee,  
For pity like them once be kind,  
And throw a dart to change her mind:  
Thy deity we shall suspect,  
If our reward must be neglect.  
Then make her love, or let me be  
Inspir'd with scorn as well as she.

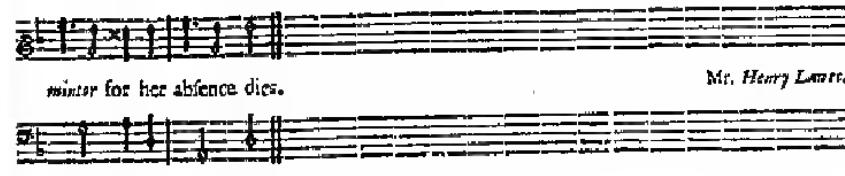
## Aminton for his Chloris absence.



Ell me you wan-dering spirits of the Air, did you not see a Nymph  
more bright, more fair than Beauties darling, or of paus more sweet than Holne content?



If such a one you meet, wait on her hourly where so e're she flies, and cry, A.



minor for her absence dies.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

## II.

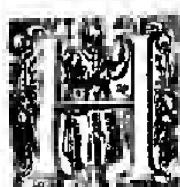
Go search the Vallies, pluck up every Rose,  
You'll find a sent, a blith of her in those:  
Fish, fill for Pearle, or Corall, there you'll see  
How orientall all her colours bee,  
Go call the Echoes to your aide, and cry,  
*Chloris, Chloris,* for that's her name for whom I dy:

## III.

But stay a while, I have inform'd you ill:  
Were thee on earth she had been with me still:  
Go by to Heaven, examine every Sphere,  
And cry what Star hath lately lighted there;  
If any brighter than the Sun you see,  
Fall down, fall down, and worship it, for that is shee.



[42]

*Love in a Calm.*

Ow cool and temperate I am growne, since I could call - my  
heart my own? Beauty and I now calmly play, whilst others burn and melt a-way; not  
all those wanton hours I have spent, can rob me of this new content. Mr. Henry Lawes.

I.  
Loves mills are scattered from my sight,  
Which fluttered me with new delight,  
And now I fee 'tis but a face  
That stol my heart our of its place:  
Thin Love forgive me, I'll no more  
Thine Altars or thy Shrine adore,

II.  
Farewell to all heart-breaking eyes,  
Farewell each look that can surprise,  
Farewell those cors and amorous spels,  
Farewell each place where *Cupid* dwells;  
And farewell each bewitching smile,  
I must enjoy my selfe a while.

*Loves Shepherdesse.*

N faith I cannot keep my Sheep, since first I grew to be inlove: whilst my  
poor Flock a wandring creep, and I to fate a Shepherd am; Love, first in love, in love, I first began.

[43]

*Love without Additionals.*

F the kind boy I ask no red and white to make up my delight, no odd be-  
coming graces, black eyes, or lit-tle know not what's in Faces; make me bur mad enough,  
give me good store of Love, for her I count, I ask no more; 'tis Love in Love that  
makes the sport. Mr. William Webb.

III.

There's no such thing as that, we Beauty call,  
It is meer courrage all;  
For though some long ago  
Lik't certain colours mingled so and so,  
That doth not hit me now from chusing new,  
If I a fancy take  
Too black and blew,  
That fancy doth it Beauty make.

II.

'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetit  
Makes eating a delight;  
And if I like one dish  
More than another, that a Pheasant is:  
What in our Matches, may in us be found,  
So to the height, and tick  
We up be bound,  
No matter by what hand or trick.

*A Frozen Heart made warm by Love.*

O, go, and bestride the Southern wind, fly, O forlorn! nor look be-

hind, till thou the glazed Ocean hast past and Climes unknown to man, laid on a snow-rais'd

mountain, beat the bo-some to the freezing air; and if those colds be not so great to quench, but

they thaw with thy heat her far more cold disdain, apply thine own despair and will to dye;

and when by these congeal'd to stone, then will her heart and thine be one.

Mr. William Wist.

*False Love reproved.*

Y all thy Glories willingly I go, yet could have wish'd thee constant

in thy love; but since thou needs must prove uncertain as is thy Beauty, or as the Glass that

shows it thee, my hopes thus soon to o-verthrow, shows thee more fickle; but my flames by

this are easier quencht than his, whom flattering smiles betray; 'tis tyrannous delay breeds

all the harm, and makes that fire consume, which should but warm. Mr. Henry Lawes.

## II.

Till time destroy those blossoms of thy youth,  
Thou art our Idol-worship, at that rate,  
But who can tell thy fate?  
And say that when this Beauties done,  
This Lovers Torch shall still burn on;  
I could have serv'd thee with such truth  
Devoutest Pilgrims to their Saints do show,  
Departed long ago;  
And at this ebbing tyde,  
Have us'd thee as a Bride  
Who's only true  
Whilst you are fair, he loves himself, not you.

*Loves torrid Zone.*

O, no, fair Heretick, it cannot be, but an ill love in mee, and  
worse for thee; for were it in my pow'r to love thee now this hour, more than I did the  
last, 'twould then so fall, I might not love at all: Love that can flow, and can admit en-  
crease, admits as well an ebb, and may grow lesse.

Mr. Harry Lawes.

## II.

True love is still the same  
The Torrid Zones,  
And those more frigid ones  
It must not know:  
For love grown cold, or hot  
Is like a friendless, nor  
The thick we have, for that's a flame would dye,  
Held down, or up too high;  
Then think I love, more than I can express,  
And would know more, could I but love like Jesu;

*To his Chloris at Parting.*

Aid would I Chloris whom my heart adores, longer a while between thine

aims remain, but loe, the jealous moan her Ro-sie dores to spight me ope's, and brings the  
day a-gain. Farewell, farewell, *Chloris*, 'tis time I dy'd, the night de-paige, yet still my  
woes abide.

Dr. John Wilton.

## III.

Hence fancy floating Candle of the skies,  
Let us alone we, have no need of thee:  
Our eyes are ever day, where *Chloris* eyes  
Shine, that a pair of brighter Tapers bee.  
Farewell, farewell, &c.

## III.

O night! whose sable veile was wont to be  
More friend to Lovers, than the noisefull day:  
Wherefore, O wherefore do'st thou fly from me,  
And carry with thee all my joys away?  
Farewell, farewell, &c.

[48]

*Coyness in Love.*

Hat means this Strangeness now of late? Since Time doth Teach a-  
prove: this distance may consist with State; it cannot stand with Love. Mr. Henry Lewis.

Tis either cupping or distrust,  
That do such ways allow:  
The first is base, the last injust;  
Let neither blemish you.

Speak but a word, or do but cast  
One Look that seems to frown,  
I'll give you all the love that's past;  
The rest shall be mine own.

If you intend to draw me on,  
You over act your part;  
And if it be to have me gone,  
You need not halfe this Art.

And such a faine and equall way  
On both sides none can blame,  
Since every man is bound to play  
The faiest of his Game,

*Love posset.*

With no more thou shouldest love mee, my joys are full in loving  
thee; my heart's too narrow to contain my blisse, if thou shouldest love me a-gain. Mr. Parker.

Thy scorn may wound me, but my fate  
Leads me to love, and thee to hate;  
Yer I must love while I have breath,  
For not to love were worse than death.

Such mercy more thy fame shall raise,  
Than cruell life can yield thee praise;  
It shall be counted who so dies,  
No murder, but a sacrifice.

Then shill I sue for scorn or grace,  
A lingring life, or death embrace;  
Since one of them I needs must try,  
Love me but once, and let me dy.

[49]

*A Lover's Resolution.*

Ell not I dye, or that I live by thee, and as thou pointes my doom,  
So it must be: Or that my life (didst thou but leave to love,) would like a long disease, as  
weary prove: Since he whose mind is proof a-gainst his fate, makes himself happy  
at the worst estate.

Mr. Tho. Brever.

II.

Tis vanity for a man to build his blisse  
On the frail favour of a Womans kisses;  
Most unmanly to enthrall his eye,  
When Heaven and Nature gives it liberty;

Since Womans fancies with their fashions change,  
To love for fashion so each face that's strange.

I know the humour of your Sex is such  
You ne't could value any one thing much;  
For should thy breth with constant flames be fired,  
Twere more then I expected, although desir'd  
To love for fashion so each face that's strange. But as thou fear'st thy course, so mine shall move.

III.

He that hath wealth, and can that wealth for-goe,  
Is his own man, not slave to any woe;  
Thus arm'd with resolution, I am free,  
Still o'recommer of my deilline:

Yet know I love, thou I can leave the flane,  
He best knows how to love, knows how to hate,

Q

*The Primrose.*


Sk me why I send you here, this firstling of the infant year? Ask me why,  
I send to you, this Primrose all be-pearl'd with dew? I must whisper to your Ears, the  
sweets of Love are wash'd with tears.  
Ask me why this Rose doth show  
All yellow, green, and sickly too?  
Ask me why the stalk is weak,  
And yielding each way, yet not break?  
I must tell you, 'tis discovered  
What doubts and fears are in a Lover.

*Cupid's Embassage.*


O little winged Archer and convey a flaming dart into her heart, then seal  
way as soon as thou hast set her all on fire, and left her burning in her chaste desire,

II.

Thus teach her what it is to love, that she  
When that her eyes  
Do tyrannize  
May pity me;  
And know the flame that hath ray heart possest  
By the daintier of her scorched breast,

III.

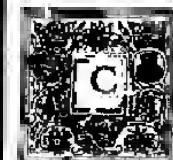
And when she burns if she appease my flame  
With smiles which fly,  
Oft as her eye,  
I'll do the flame;  
So may we love, and burn, but ne'er expire,  
While we add fuel to each others fire.

*Coridon to his Phillis.*


Ome lovely Phillis since it thy will is to crown thy Coridon with daffadilles,  
With many kisses, as sweet as this is, I will repay to multiply thy blilles.  
Here I will hold thee, and thus enfold thee free from harms within these arms. Mr. Henry Lawes.

Sweet, still be smiling, 'tis sweet beguiling  
Of tedious hours and sorrows belt exiting;  
For if you lowe, the banker no power  
Will have to bring forth any pleasant flower;  
Your eyes not granting  
Their tales enchanting,  
Mine may raine, but twere in vain.

Thine eyes may wonder that mine affender  
Do from the Sun-shine draw thine to sit under;  
Hold me unblam'd, tri be enflam'd,  
Where not to be so, youth were rather sham'd  
Since that the oldest  
That thou beholdest  
May feel fire of loves desire;

*On Chloris attractive Beauty.*


Lori, farewell, I now must go, for if with thee I here doe stay,  
thine eyes prevail up----on me so, I shall grow blind and lose my way. Mr. Henry Lawes.

Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth  
Amongst the rest me hinder brought;  
Finding this fame full shore of truth,  
Made me stay longer than I thought.

For thou mayst by force not thy fade  
That thou didst thus unconfront prove;  
That were by my example taught  
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

No chloris, no, I will return,  
And ride thy stony to that height,  
That Strangers shall at distance buss,  
And the diff'rent see Reprobere.

But what assurance can I take,  
When thou fore knowing this abuse,  
For some more worthy Lovers sake,  
May'st leave me with so just excuse.

Theo, shall my love this double dispense,  
And gale such craft, that I may come  
And banquet sometimes on thy face,  
But make my constant meane at home,

*Clora forsaken, thus complains.*



*Hilos false love made Clora weep, and by a river side her flock which she*

*was wont to keep, neglecting thus she cry'd: Is't not In-ju-nice, O ye Gods! to kindle  
my desire, and to leave this at so much odds, as there's no mutual fit. Poor vict'ry, to peirce a*

*heart that was a ten-der one, but cowardice to spare your date from his that was a ston'e.*

*Dr. John Wilson.*

As she thus mourn'd, the tears that fell  
Down from her love-lick eyes,  
Did in the water drop and swell,  
And into bubbles rise.

Wherein her bloubard face appears,  
Now out alas, said she,  
How do I melt away in tears  
For him that loves not me.

And thus in little draws and drest  
In sad tears attire,  
May force such passions from his brest  
Shall equall my desire.

Yet as I lessen multiply,  
But inesse form appears,  
Thus do I languish from mine eyz,  
And grow new in my teaze.

Break not that Chrissall, circles me  
Sweet streams by your fair side,  
My love perhaps may walking be,  
And I may be elpid.

*Reciprocal Love.*

*Love a Lasse, but cannot show it, I keep a fire that burns with-in,*

*rai'd up in embers: Ah could she know it, I might per-haps be lov'd a-gain:*

*For a true love may justly call for friendship love reciprocall. Dr. John Wilson.*

### II.

Some gentle courteous wido betray me,  
A figh by whispering in her ear,  
Or let some potions shower convey me,  
By dropping on her breast a tear,  
Or two, or three; the hardelt flint,  
By often drops receives a dint.

### III.

Shall I then vex my heart and rend it,  
That is already too too weak;  
No, no, they say, Lovers may feed it,  
By writing what they cannot speak:  
Go then my Muse, and let this verse  
Bring back my Life, or else my Hearse.

*Clora forsaken, thus complains.*

Her false love made Clora weep, and by a river side her flock which she  
was wont to keep, neglecting thus she cry'd: Is't not In-ju-nice, O ye Gods! to kin-dle  
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heart that was a tender one, but cowardly to spare your dart from his that was a slope.

Dr. John Wilson

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Down from her love-liek eyes,  
Did in the water drop and livell,  
And into bubbles rise.

Wherin her blouberd face appears,  
Now ore alas, said she,  
How do I melt away in tears  
For him that loves not me.

And thus in little drawn and drest  
In sad tears attire,  
May force such passions from his breſt,  
Shall equall my deſire.

Yet as I leſſen multiply,  
But in leſſe form appears,  
Thus do I languish from mine eye,  
And grow new in my teyre.

Break not that Christall, circley me  
Swet streams by your fair side,  
My love perhaps may walking be,  
And I may be elipt.

*Reciprocal Love.*

Love a Ladie, her cannot show it, I keep a fire that burns with-in,  
rak'd up in embers: Ah could she know it, I might per-haps be lov'd a-gain:  
For a true love may justly call for friendship love reciprocall. Dr. John Wilson.

## II.

Some gentle courteous windes berry me,  
A figh by whispering in her ear,  
Or let some pictious flower coovey me,  
By dropping on her breast a tear,  
Or two, or more; the hardest flint,  
By often drops receives a dint.

## III.

Shall I then vex my heart and rend it,  
That is already too too weak;  
No, no, they say, Lovers may send it,  
By writing what they cannot speak:  
Go then my Muse, and let this verse  
Bring back my life, or else my heart.

*On Loves deceitful Charms.*

Will not truſt thy tempting graces, nor thy deceitfull charms, nor pris nerbo  
thy imbraces; or fet-reſ'd in thine arms: No Celiſe, no, nor all thy art can wound or captivate my heart,

II.

I will not gaze upon thine eyes,  
Nor warren with thy baſe;  
Left those should burn me by surprize,  
Or ſelect my foul infame:  
Nor with thofe ſmiling dangers play,  
Or fool my liberty away.

III.

Since then my weary heart is ſick,  
And unconfide as thine;  
If thou wou'dſt mine ſhould captive be,  
Thee muſt thine own reigne:  
And Gratitude ſhall thus more more  
Than Love or Beauty could before.

Mr. Jeremy Savill.

*Beauty a fading Ornament.*

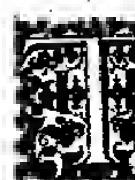
Et nothy Beau----ty make thee proud, though Princes do a-  
dore thee, ſince time and tickes were alow'd to now ſuch flowers before thee. Mr. Henry Lewis.

II.

Not biſt not thy to that degree  
Thy friends may hardly know thee,  
Nor yet fo coming, or fo free,  
That every eye may blow thee;  
A blis in every Princeely broun,  
As decent is required,  
Meth more in thine, to whom they bow  
By Beauties lightnings lif'd.

III.

And yet a ſtate fo sweetly mixt  
With an attractive midnights;  
It may like Venuſe ſit betwixt  
The extreams of pride and vilenefs.  
Then every eye that ſets thy face  
Will in thy Beauty glory,  
And every tongue that wags will greet  
Thy vertus with a bony.

*Beauty in Eclipse.*

Tell me no more her Eyes are like to rising Suns, that wonder strike;

For if 'twere ſo, how could it be; they could be thus eclips'd to me? Mr. William Lawr.

Tell me no more her Breasts do grow  
Like riſing Hills of melting Snow;  
For if 'twere ſo, how could they lyse  
So near the Sun-blisse of her ey's?

No, ſay her Eyes Portenders are  
Of ruine, or ſome blazing flarce,  
Else would I feel from that fair fire  
Some heat to cheriſh my deſire.

Say that although like to the Moon,  
She heavenly fair, yet chang'd as ſoon;  
Else the world conſtant once remain  
Either to pity or diſdain.

Tell me no more the reflæts Spheares  
Compat'd to her voyce, ſtrift our eare;  
For it 'twere ſo, how then could death  
Dwell with ſuch diſcord in her breath?

Say that her Breasts, though cold as Snow,  
Are hard as Marble, when I weare;  
Else they would ſoften and relent  
With ſights inflamed, from me ſent.

That ſo by one of them I might  
Be kept alive, or rather'd quide;  
For 'tis no leſs cruel there to kill,  
Where lie doth but increafe the ill.

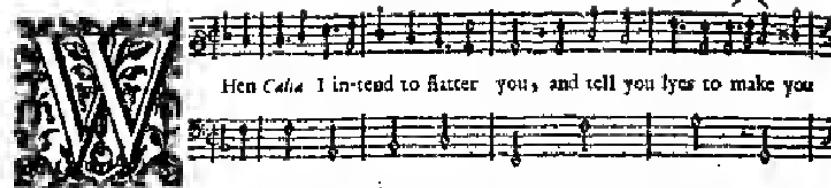
*Cupid detected.*

My Heart forbear, thofe are mard'ring Eyes, in the which I ſwear Cupid

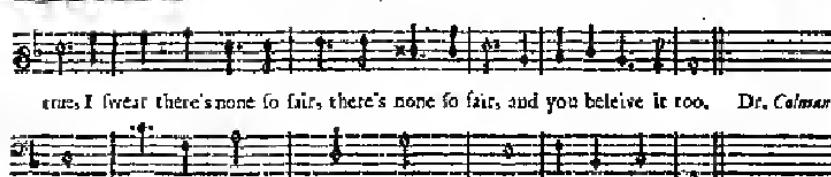
In-lying Eyes: See his Quiver, ſee his Bow; to ſee his Dart, fly! thou foolish Heart.

Greedy Eyes, take heed, they are ſcorching Beams  
Causing Hearts to bleed & your Eyes ſpring theame:  
Love lies watching with his Bow bent, and his Dart  
For to ground both Eyes and Heart.

Think and gaze your fill, foolish Heart and Eyes,  
Since you love your ill, and your good defile:  
Cupid Shooting, Cupid Darting, and his Band  
Mortal powers cannot withstand.

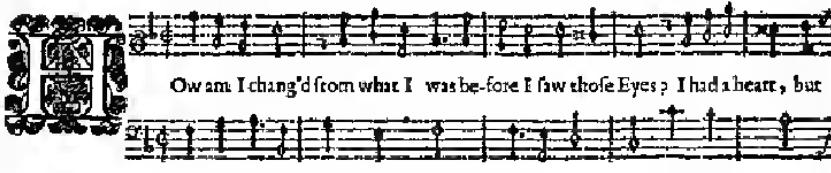
*Lover's Flattery.*

Hen Calla I intend to flatter you, and tell you lies to make you

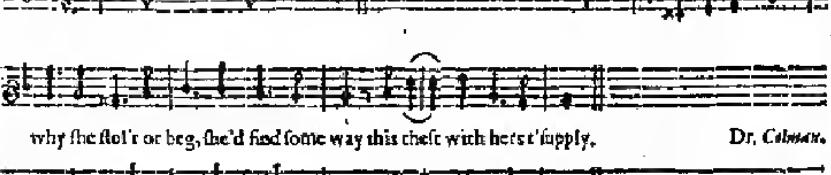


Oft have I matcht you with the Rose, and said  
No twins to like hath nature made,  
But 'tis  
Only in this, ♀  
You prick my hand and fade,  
Oft have I said there is no pretious stone  
But may be foundin you alone;  
Though I  
No stone espy, ♀  
Unlesse your heart be one.

When I praise your skin I quote the wooll  
That Sick-Worms from their Entrails pull,  
And show  
Thir new fallen spow, ♀  
Is not more beautifull,  
Yet grow not proud by such Hyperboles  
Were you as excellent as these  
Whilist I  
Before you ly, ♀  
They migth be had with ease.

*Lover's Theft.*

Ow am I chang'd from what I was be-fore I saw those Eyes? I had a heart, but  
now a los, that room is full'd with sighs, for she that robb'd me, would not stay to let me ask her



why she stol't or beg, she'd find some way this chesf with he's t'supply.

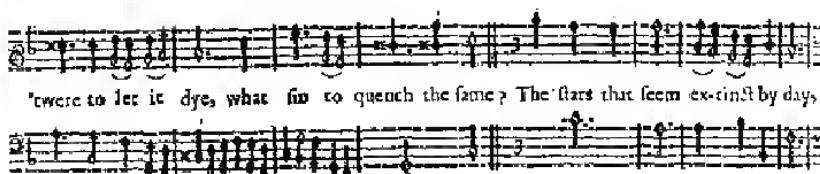
Dr. Colman.

Thus am I left to count my grief,  
For whyn she's out of sight,  
There can on earth be no relief,  
Or ought that can delight,

I'll therefore on some River side  
Wander to breake my woe,  
And ask these Nymphs how Myl'd dy'd,  
Thus I might do to too.

*Power of Love.*

Ine love hath in thine and mine eye kindled a holy flame, what pi-ty



'twere to let it dye, what sin to quench the same? The stars that seem ex-tinct by day,



disclose their flames at night, and in a fable sense convey their loves in beams of light.

Dr. John Wilson.

## II.

So when the jealous Eye and Ear  
Are shut or turn'd aside,  
Our Tongues, our Eyes, may talk fahs fear  
Or being heard or spi'd.  
What though our Bodies cannot meet  
Lover feels more divine;  
The fixt stars by their twinkling greet  
And yet they never joye.

False Meteors that do change their place,  
Though they shone fair and bright,  
Yet when they covet to embrace,  
Fall down and lose their light.  
Thus while we shall preserve from waste  
The flame of our desire,  
No vestal shall maintrain more chaste,  
Or more immortal fire.

## III.

IV.

If thou perceive thy flame decay,  
Come light thine Eyes at mine;  
And when I feel mine wafts away  
I'll take new fire from thine.

*A Motive to Love.*

Ach be no longer coy, but let's enjoy what's by the world confest. Wo-  
men love best; thy Beauty fresh as May will soon decay, besides within a year or two I shall be old,



Do't think that nature can  
For every man,  
Had the more skill, provide  
So fair a Bride?  
Who ever had a Feast  
For a single Guest?  
No, without she did intend  
To serve the Husband and his friend,

To be a little nice  
Sets better price  
On Virgins, and improves  
Their Servants loves;  
But on the riper years  
It ill appears:  
After a while you'll find chistrue,  
I need provoking more then you.

*On Liberty.*

Ow-happy'er thou and I that never knew how to love? ther's no such blessing  
here beneath, what e're there is above; 'tis liberty, that e-very wise man loves.

Out, out upon those Eyes, that think to murder mee,  
And he's an Aife believes her fair, that is not kind and free:  
There's nothing sweet, ther's nothing sweet to man, but Liberty.  
  
He ty'e my Heart to none, nor yet confine mine Eyes,  
But I will play my Game so well, I'e never want a prize:  
'tis liberty, 'tis liberty, has made me now thus wise.

*Beauty and Love at odds.*

Beauty and Love once fell at odds, and thus reviled each other: Quoth Love,

I am one of the gods, and you wait on my mother, thou hast no pow'r o're man at all, but what I  
gave to thee; nor art thou longer fair or sweet, then men acknowledge me. Mr. Henry Lawes.

Away fond Boy, then Beauty said,  
We see that thou art blinde,  
But men have knowing eyes, and can  
My graces better find:  
Twas I hege shee, Mortals know,  
And call'd thee Bloud desire;  
I made shy Arrows, and thy Bow,  
And Wings to kindle fire.

Love here in anger flew away,  
And straight to Vulcan pray'd  
That he would rip his shafts with scorn,  
To punish this proud Maid:  
So Beauty ever since hath bin  
But courst her an hour,  
To love a day is now a sin  
Gainst Cupid and his power.

*Love admits no Delay.*

Omc, O come, I break no stay, sic doth not love that can delay;

see how the Heaving Night hath blotted out the light, and Tapers do supply the day.

To be Chalte is to Old,  
And that foolish Gile that's cold  
Is fourfeare at Kiesen,  
Defies do write us green;  
And looser Flames out Youth unbold.

See the fat Taper's almost gone,  
Thy flame whether will straight be gone;  
And I as it expire,  
Not able to hold fire;  
She loseth Flame thus lyes alone,

Mr. Henry Lawes.

Let us cherish then these powers  
Whiles we yet may call them ours;  
Then we well spend our Time,  
When no Dull Zealous Flame,  
Nor sprightfull billes brak the heat.

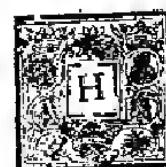
*A Motive to Love.*

Auth be no longer coy, but let's enjoy what's by the world confil,  
When love best; thy Beauty flesh as May will soon decay, besides within a year or two I shal be old,

Do I think that nature can  
For every man,

**IRREGULAR**

PAGINATION



Ow happy'rt thou and I that never knew how to love? ther's no such blessing

here beneath, what e're there is above; tis liberty, 'tis liberty, that e-very wise man loves.  
Our, owe upon those Eyes, that think to murder mees;

And he's an Aife belieues her fair, that is nor kind and free:  
Ther's nothing sweet, ther's nothing sweet to man, but liberty.

Ile tyce my Heart to none, nor yet confine mine Eyes,  
But I will play my Game so well, Ile never want a prize;

'tis liberty, 'tis liberty, his made me now thus wise.

*Beauty and Love at odds.*

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gave to thee; nor art thou longer fair or sweet, than men acknowledge me. Mr. Henry Lawes,

Awry fond Boy, then Beauty said,  
We see that thou art blind,  
But men have knowing eye, and can  
My grace better find;  
Twas I begot thee, Mortals know,  
And call'd thee Blind drise;  
I made thy Arrows, and thy Bow,  
And Wings to kindle fire.

Love here in anger flew away,  
And straight to Helen pray'd  
That he would rip thy shafts with scorn,  
To punish this proud Maid;  
So Beauty ever since hath bin  
But counted ten an hour,  
To love a day in now a sin  
Gainst Cupid and his power.

*Love admits no Delay.*



Ome, O come, I brook no stay, she doth not love that can delay;

see how the stealing Night hath blotted out the light, and Tapers do supply the day.

To be Chafe is to Old,  
And thin foolish Girl that's cold  
Is fourteene at fifteen,  
Desires do write in green;

And looser Flamer out Youth unbind.

See the Girl Taper's almost gone,  
Thy flame like that will straight be dead;  
And I as it expire,  
Nor able to hold fire;

She left it fine that lyes alone,

Mr. Henry Lawes.  
Let us cherish them these power,  
Whiles we yet may call them ours;  
Then we shall spend our Time,  
When no Dull Zealous Chafe,  
Nor sprightfull Jester rules the hour.

*A Motive to Love.*

Air be no longer toy, but let's enjoy what's by the world confess, Wa-  
nto love bell; thy Beauty fresh as May will soon decay, besides within a year or two I shall be old,



Don't think that nature can  
For every man,  
Had she more skill, provide  
So fair a Bride?  
Who ever had a Feast  
For a single Guest?  
No, without she did intend  
To serve the Husband and his friend.

To be a little nice  
Sets better price  
On Virgins, and improves  
Their Servants loves;  
But on the riper years  
It ill appears:  
After a while you'll find this untrue,  
I need provoking more than you.

*On Liberty.*

Ow happy it thou and I that never knew how to love? ther's no such blessing

here beneath, what e're there is above; 'tis li-berty, 'tis liberty, that e-very wife mas loves.



Out, out upon those Eyes, that think to murder mee,  
And he's an Ade believes her fair, thar is nor kind and free;  
Ther's nothing sweet, ther's nothing sweet to map, bur Liberty.

If e're my Heart so none, nor yet confine mine Eyes,  
But I will play my Game so well, I'd never want a prize:  
'tis liberty, 'tis liberty, has made me now this wife,

*Beauty and Love at odds.*

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But men have knowing eyen, and can  
My graces better find:  
'Twas I hegot thee, Mortals know,  
And calld thee Blind deuse:  
I made thy Arrows, and thy Bow,  
And Wings to kindle fire.

Love here in anger flew away,  
And straight to Venus pryd'd  
That he would rip his heart with scorn,  
To punish this proud Maid:  
So Beauty ever since hath bin  
But courred for an hout,  
To love a day is now a sin  
Gaint Cupid and his power.

*Love admits no Delay.*

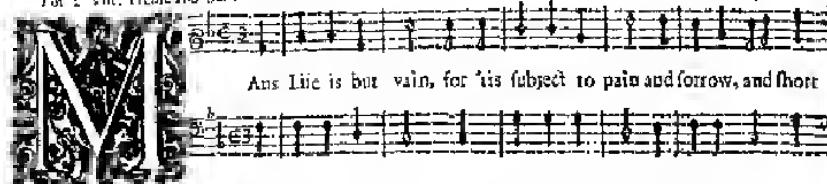
Come, O come, I brook no stay, she doth not love that can delay;

see how the healing Night hath blotted out the light, and Tapers do supply the day.

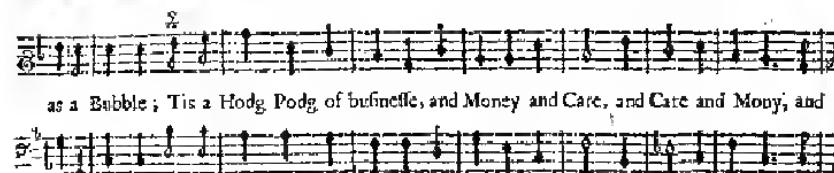
To be Chaste is to be Old,  
And that foolish Girl that's cold  
Is fourfoun at fifteen,  
Desires do write us green;  
And loofe Flamen our Youth unfold. See the first Taper's almost gone,  
They flame like that will straight be none; Mr. Henry Lawes.  
And I as is expire,  
Not able to hold fire;  
She loseth Time that lyes alone,  
Whiles we yet may call them ours;  
Then we shall spend our Time,  
When no Dull Zealous Chime,  
But sprightfull kilts like the joun-

*The Anglers Song.*

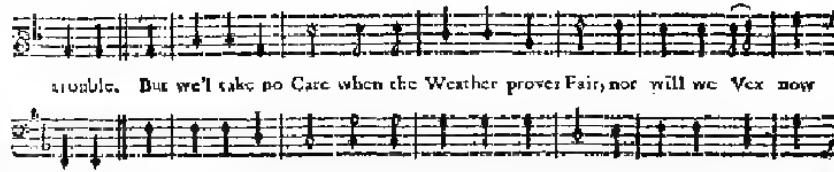
For 2 Vns. Treble and Bass.



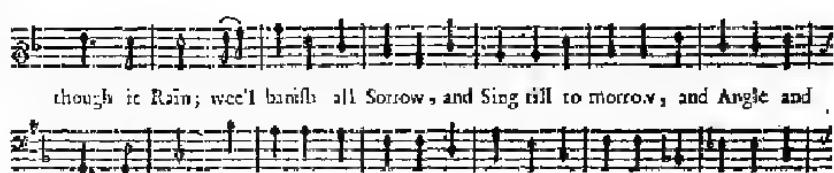
Ans life is but vain, for 'tis subject to pain and sorrow, and short



as a Bubble ; Tis a Hodg Podg of busynesse, and Money and Care, and Care and Money, and



trouble. But we'll take no Care when the Weather proves Fair, nor will we vex now



though it Rain; we'll banish all Sorrow, and Sing till to morrow, and Angle and

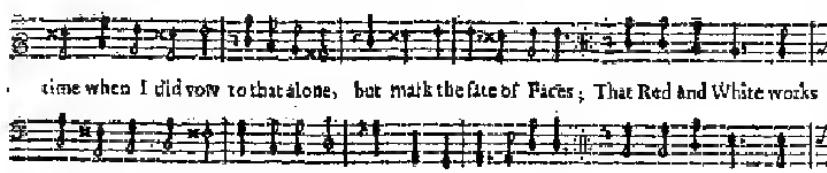


Angle again,

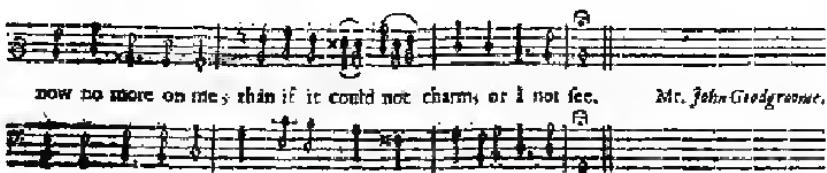
Mr. Henry Lewis.

*On Attractive Beauty.*

Oft see how unregarded now that piece of Beauty passes? There was a



time when I did vow to that alone, but mark the fate of Faces; That Red and White works



now no more on me; than if it could not charm, or I not see.

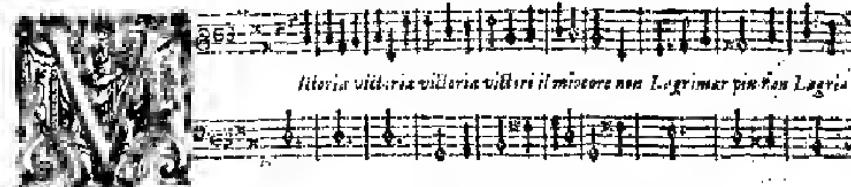
Mr. John Godgreen.

## II.

And yet the Face contynes good,  
And I have still desires;  
Am still the self-same. Flesh and Blood,  
As apt to melt, and suffer, for those fires;  
Oh some kind power uniddle where it lies,  
Whether my Heart be fankle or her Eyes.

## III.

She every day her man doth kill,  
And I espy her eye;  
Neither her Power then, nor my Will  
Can question'd be, what is the Mysterie;  
Sure Beautier Empires, like to greater States,  
Have certain Periods set, and Hidden Fates.

*An Italian Ayre.*

*Vittoria vittoria vittoria il mio core non Lagrimar piu han Lagria  
mai piu e scelta d'amore la ferri - su vittoria vittoria il mio core non Lagrimar piu e scelta da-*

*-mo-re la servita e rest - ia di amore la servita*

*Gia l'empio tuo danni fra fuoli disguardi Con-ve-ri Bugiar-di di-fo-re ghe ganne le*

*fonde gl'effuso non bares piu lat - ca dit Crudo si-o foso rivoti lar - di-te.*

*An Italian Ayre for two Voyces.*

Cantus.



*On bel fe gella de se crezca le ro-ca se prende del bella bel-te la lingua fe  
Riflet -*  
*On bel fe gella de se crezca le ro-ca se prende del bella bel-te la lingua fe  
fresa de li-ber-di - e de pa-ni-ta Resto la donna que bella che piache que  
do pa-ni-ta Resto la donna que bella che piache que*

*ta-ce e jo-ve del core sensa crezca da mo-re che piache che ta-ce e jo-ve del co-re sensa  
ta-ce e jo-ve del core sensa crezca da mo-re che piache che ta-ce e jo-ve del ce-re sensa*

*crezca da mo-re.*

*crezca da mo-re.*

Here endeth the A Y R E S for One or two Voyces  
to the Theorbo-Lute, or Basse-Viol.



SECOND BOOK:  
CONTAINING  
**DIALOGUES**  
For TWO VOYCES:  
To be Sung to the *Theorboe-Lute* or *Basse-Viol*.

*A Dialogue betwixt Phyllis and Clorillo.*

A. 2. Ver. CANTUS OR RIFFLA.

*Clorillo.*

Phyllis,

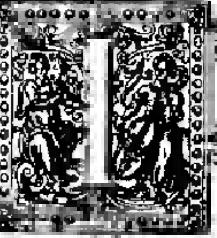
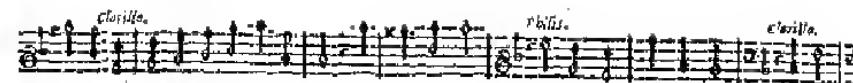
Prethee keep my sheep for me: Clorillo, wile thou, tell?

*Clorillo.*

Phyllis.

Firll, let me have a kiss of thee, and I — will keep them well. If thou a while

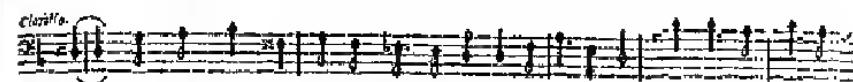
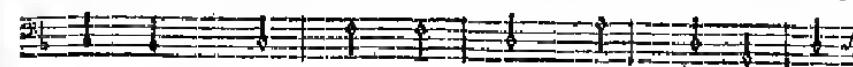
but to my little flock will look, thou shalt have this imbroide red skipand silver hook.

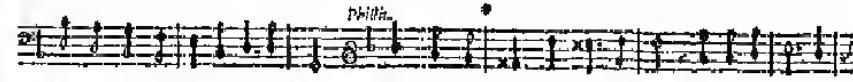
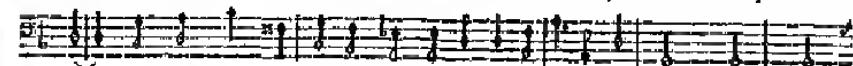
No other favour or reward I crave, but one poor kisse. A kisse thou must not have. And why?



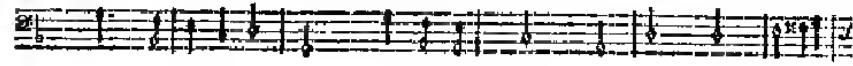
Such enticements Maids must fly: this Garland thou shalt have of Roses and of Lillies.



Not Skip, nor Hook, nor Garland sweetest *Phyllis*, do I require, to kisse thy fresh and



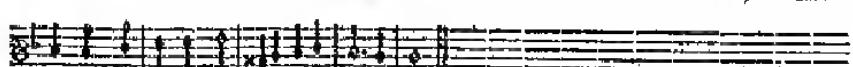
Ro-sie lip is onely my desire. Take then a kisse, and let me goe, till I return thy



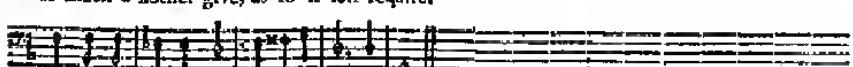
Care upon my flockes below. Sweet sweet is that kisse that doth with true and just desire



Sweet sweet is that kisse that doth with true and just desire



as much a-other give, as to it self require,



as much a-other give, as to it self require,

*A Dialogue between Silvia and Thirfis.*

To Treble and Violin. Thirfis.

**D**ear Silvia, let thy Thirfis know what tis that makes thine tears ore-flow. Are the Kids that us'd to play and skip so nimblly gone astray? Are Cloris flowers more fresh and green? Or is some other Nymph mad Queen? Thirfis do'st thou think that I can grieve for this, when thou art by? What is it then? My father bids that I no longer feed my Kids with thine but Coridons, and wear none but his Garlands on my hair. Why so? Why so my Silvia? Will he keep thy flocks more

late when thou don't sleep? Will the Nymphs envy more thy praise, when chanted

Sylvia,  
with his round delays? No Thirfis, I my flocks must joyn with his, 'cause they are

Charles.

more then thine. Fathers cruell as the Rocks, joyn not their children, but their

Fathers cruell as the rocks, cruell as the rocks, joyn not their children, but their

flocks, their flocks, and Hymen calls to light his torches there, and Hymen

flocks, their flocks, and Hymen calls, Hymen calls to light his torches there, and Hymen calls, and

calls to light his torches there, where fortune, nor affections equall are.

Hymen calls to light his torches there, where fortune, nor affections equall are.

Dr. Charles Coleman.

*A Dialogue between a Shepherd and Lucinda.*

*Sheph.* Id not you once *Lucinda* vow, you would love none but me? I,  
*Lucinda.*

*Shep.* but my mother tells me now I must love wealth, not thee. 'Tis not my fault, my sheep are  
*Luc.* lean, or that they are so few. Not mine, I cannot love so mean, so poor a thing as you.

*Shep.* O cruel, cruel thy love is in thy power, fortune is not in mine. But Shepherd, think how  
*Luc.* great my dower is in respect of thine. Ah me! Mock you my grief? I  
*Shep.* pit-ty thy hard fate. Pity, for Love is poor relief, is poor relief, is poor relief, I'd

*Shep. Luc. Shep. Luc. Shep. Luc.*

rather chuse thy hate. But I must love thee. No, But I must love thee. No. Believe,  
*Shep. Luc. Shep. Luc.*

No. Believe. No. I'll seal it with a kiss, and give thee no more cause to grieve than  
*Shep. Luc. Shep. Luc.*

what thou findst in this: I'll give thee no more cause to grieve, than what thou findst in this.  
*Chorus.*

Be witness then, be witness then you powers above, and by these ho-ly bands let it appear that  
*Shep. Luc. Shep. Luc.*

Be witness then, be witness then you powers above, and by these ho-ly bands let it appear that  
*Shep. Luc. Shep. Luc.*

truest love grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on  
*Shep. Luc. Shep. Luc.*

wealth grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on  
*Shep. Luc. Shep. Luc.*

wealth grows not on wealth nor lands,  
*Shep. Luc. Shep. Luc.*

wealth grows not on wealth nor lands.

*A Dialogue between Daphne and Strephon.*

*Strephon.*

One my *Daphne*, come away, we do waste the crittal day. 'Tis *Strephon* calls, while

*Daphne.*

would my Love? Come follow to the Mrtle Grove, where *Venus* shall prepare new chapters for thy

*Daphne.*

hair. Were I shut up within a tree, I'd rend my bark to follow thee. My Shepherdess make

*Strephon.*

haste, the minnes slide so fast. In those cooler shades, will I blind as *Cupid* kisse your Eye.

*Chorus.*

In thy bosom then I'll stray, in such warm snow, who would not lose his way? We'll laugh and

We'll laugh and

leave this world behind, and gods themselves that see, shall envy thee and me, but never find such

leave this world behind, and gods themselves that see, shall envy thee and me, but never find such

joys when they embrace a Di-e-ty.

Mr. William Lawes.

joys when they embrace a Di-e-ty.

*A Dialogue between Shepherd and Shepherdess.*

*Shepherdess.*

Orbear fonde Swain, I cannot love. I prethee fair one, tell me why

*Shepherd.*

*Shepherdess.*

thou art so cold? You do but move to take away my liber-ty. I'll keep thy sheep whilst

*Shepherd.*

*Shepherdess.*

thou shalt play; Delight shall make each Month a May. Those pleasant are unthrifly hours.

*Shepherd.*

*Shepherd.*

Thou shalt have the choicer flowers, wax and Hony, milk & wool, of ripest fruits thy belly full.

*Shepherdess.*

*Shepherd.*

My flockes I'll keep by thine. Not so, but let them undilignish go.

vers. fol.

v

Shepherd. Shepherd. Shepherd.

I can afford no more. Ah deafe! Love come so far may yet increase. Each day Ie

Shepherd. Shepherd.

grant a kiss. Our blisses must not conclude, but spring from kisses. Then Shepherd love thy

*Chorus.*

Shepherd.

Eh! I fault, who knows how much loves not at all. Then draw we both

Then draw we

our flocks up hither, that we may pitch, That we may pitch our folds together,

both our flocks up hither, That we may pitch, that we may pitch our folds together.

Amidst our chaff imbracements meet, our selves as blame-leſſ as our sheep, our selves as

Amidst our chaff imbracements meet, Our selves as blameleſſ as our sheep,

blame-leſſ as our sheep.

Our selves as blameleſſ as our sheep.

Mr. William Cesar, alias Smugger-gill.

*A Dialogue betwixt an Nymph and a Shepherd.*

Nymph. Shepherd. Nymph.

Ell me shepherd doth thou Love? Tell me Nymph why wouldſt thou know? Thy wandering

Flocks that without guide doth Rove thy blushing Eyes, that Bill wilesteas, doth flow makes me to ake,

I do. Dear Shepherd tell me who? I Love a Nymph, from whose bright Eyes Pleaſe doth her brightness borrow,

where Love did ſift my heart ſurprise, where ſince ſad ſare my sorrow. Love ſits imbornd within the circle of bright

Love ſit imbornd within the circle of bright

Nymph. Saty.

Eyes. But tell me Shepherd, doth her Vertues Beauty equal? As She in Beauty doth all else excel, so are her Vertues

Eyes.

wilfull parallel; Doth She illdain thee? No. Why grieveſt thou then? Because her love is only worthy of the

godſ, not men. Loves chiefest joy is but a pleying anguish, who lives in Love, doth dying live, and living languish.

griefest even. Loves chiefest joy is but a pleying anguish, who lives in Love, doth dying live, and living languish.

Mr. Nich. Lanyard

*A Dialogue between Strephon and Phillis.*

### *A Dialogue between Venus and Vulcan.*

*A Dialogue between Charon and Philomel.*

*Tell.*

Char. O gentle Charon! let me woo thee with tears, and pity now to come to me,

Phil. White voice so sweet, and charming do I hear, Say what thou art? I prethee full draw near, A found

Cher. I hear, but nothing yet I see: Speak where thou art? O Charon, pit-ty me! I am a shade, & though no

name I tell, my mournfull voice will say I'm Philomel. What's that to me? I waft, not fish, nor

soul, nor beast, Fand thing, but only humane souls. Alas for me! Shame on thy warbling note, that

made me hoise my sail, and bring my boat, but I'll return: what mischief brought thee hither? A

*Cher.* deal of love, and much, much grief together. What's thy request? That since she's born beneath that

fed my life, I follow her in death, And's that all? I'm gone, For love I pray thee, Talk not of love, all

pray, but no souls pay me. I'll give thee sighs and tears, Can tears pay scores for patching fails, or

mending boat, or oars? I'll beg a penny, or I'll sing so long, till thou shalt say I've pay'd thee in

*Cher.* *Chorus both together.*

Song. Why, then begin. And all the while we make our floatiful passage o're the Stygian

And all the while we make our floatiful passage o're the Stygian

Lake, thou and I'll sing, thou and I'll sing, to make these dull shades merry;

Lake, thou and I'll sing, thou and I'll sing, to make these dull shades merry; who

who else with tears will doublefis drown our Fer-ry.

else with tears will doubt—left drown our Fer-ry.

Mr. William Lonsdale

*A Dialogue between Thyrsis and Damon.*

Damon.

Thyr. Kind Swain, come near, and lend a sigh, a tear, to thy sad Friend;

Forbidding Damon calls. Poor Wight, I come; But wherefore in this plight? Thine eyes are

red, thy griefs are swel·ling: Tell them, Sorrow's half cur'd by telling. Take then the

case of all my woes, Phyllis is gone. Why, let her go, 'tis but with other Nymphs and Swains,

to sport upon the Neighb'ring Plains; she'll come again, bet but to find the Heart with thee she

left behind. Alas, she's taken mine! Her's free; Ayr's gone un-chain-ed by me, though

I with such devotion fought her love, as to great Pain I suffer, whilst my pale look did bewail

sheep should I, nor thoughts, nor flocks could keep. Chear up, and lightly by her set,

Damon. Chorus.  
He never lov'd that could forget. Love is a Riddle, which he best un-

locks, whose reason's not betray'd by his eyes, whole reason's not  
ties, whole reason's not betray'd by his eyes, whole reason's

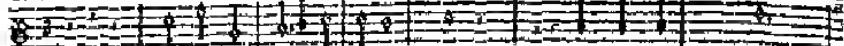
betray-ed, betray-ed by his eyes.

not betray'd, betray'd by his eyes.

Mr. William Cajor, alias Smegarfil.

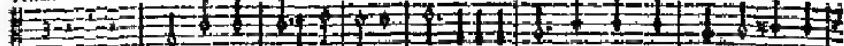
*A Glee to Bacchus with Chorus for Three voices to be sung between every verse.*

Cantus. Chorus.



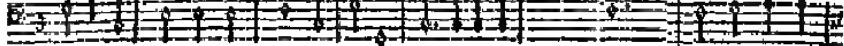
To Bacchus we to Bacchus sing, with wine and mirth

Tenor.



To Bacchus we to Bacchus sing, with Wine and mirth with we'll conjure

Bassus.



To Bacchus, to Bacchus, we to Bacchus sing, with Wine and mirth we'll conjure



we'll conjure him, we'll conjure him, with wine and mirth we'll conjure him,



we'll conjure him, we'll conjure him, with wine and mirth we'll conjure him,



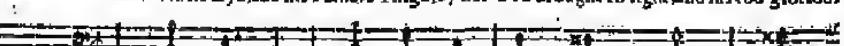
we'll conjure him, we'll conjure him, with wine and mirth we'll conjure him,



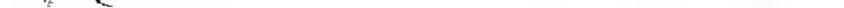
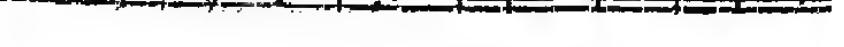
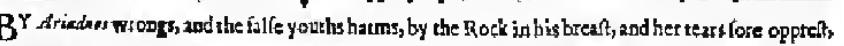
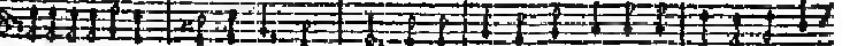
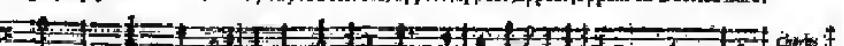
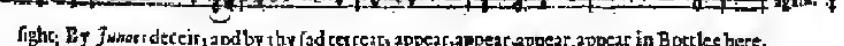
First verse.



By his Mothers Eye, and his Fathers Thigh, by her God brought to light, and his too glorious



light, By Juno's deceit, and by thy sad tears, appear, appear, appear in Bottles here,



*A Glee to the Cook.*

*A. 3. 1st. Fife Treble.*



Ring out the cold Chine, the cold Chine to mee, and how Ile Charge him

*Pi. 2d. Treble.*

Come and see. Brown Tusked Brown, well fownd and fine, with a precious Cap of Muskadine.

*Chorus for three Voices.*

How shall I sing? How shall I sing?  
 How shall I sing? How shall I sing?  
 How shall I sing? How shall I sing?  
 How shall I sing? How shall I sing?

How shall wee looke in Honour in Honour of the Master Cooke?  
 How shall wee looke in Honour in Honour of the Master Cooke?  
 How shall wee looke in Honour in Honour of the Master Cooke?

*Fif. Treble.*

The Pig shall turn Round, and Answer mee; Canst thou spare me a Sholder?

*Second Treble. Pi. 3d. Treble.*

A-wy A---wy. The Duck, Goose, and Capon: Good fellows all three shal dance thean  
 Anrick, so shall the Turkey. But O! the cold Chine, the cold Chine for me.

*Second Treble.*

With Brew-is he 'noing thee from Head to th' Heel, shall make thee Run  
 Nimble then the new oyled Wheel. With Pye-craft we'll make thee the

Eighth Wifeman to bee; but O! the cold Chine, the cold Chine, but O! the cold

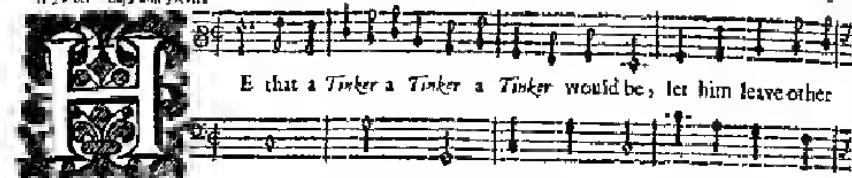
*Chorus of three Voices again.*

Chine for mee. How shall, &c.

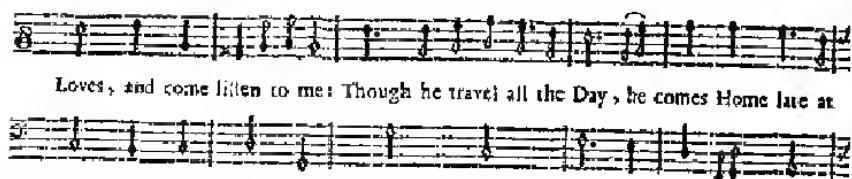
Dr. John Wilson.

*The Tinker.*

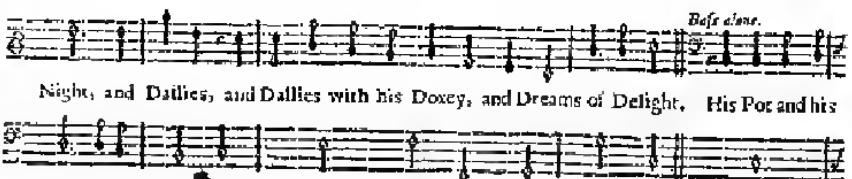
A 2 Vac. Bass and Treble.



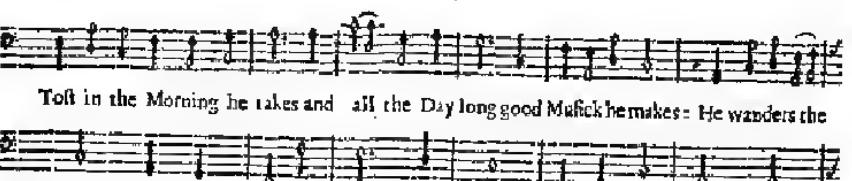
E that a Tinker a Tinker a Tinker would be, let him leave other



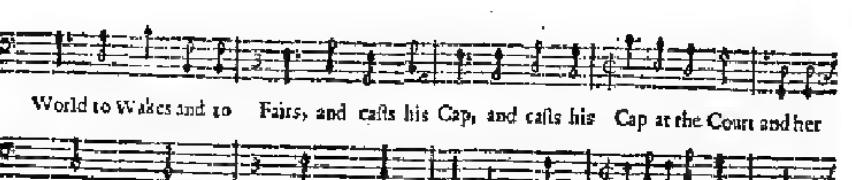
Loves, and come litte to me: Though he travel all the Day, he comes Home late at



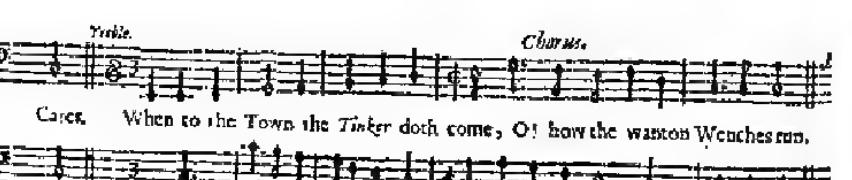
Night, and Dallies, and Dallies with his Doxey, and Dreams of Delight. His Pot and his



Toft in the Morning he takes and all the Day long good Musick he makes: He wanders the



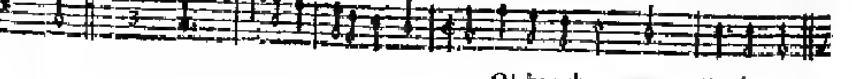
World to Wakes and to Fairs, and casts his Cap, and casts his Cap at the Court and her



Yodel.

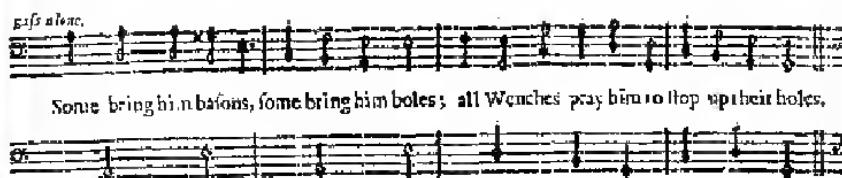
Chorus.

Care, When to the Town the Tinker doth come, O! how the wanton Wenches run,

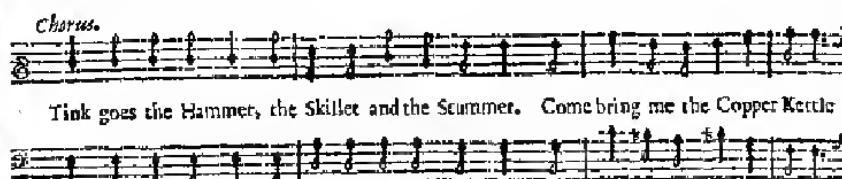


O! how the wanton Wenches run.

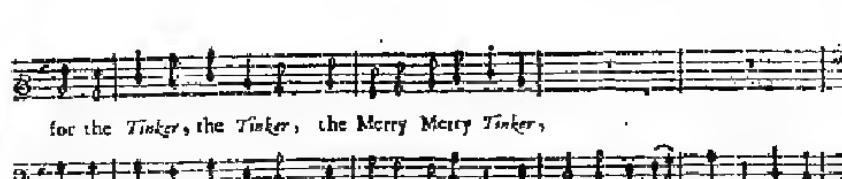
Bass alone.



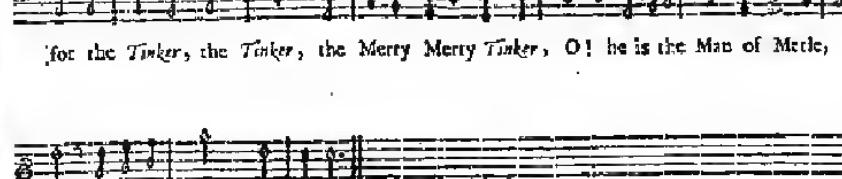
Some bring him basons, some bring him boles; all Wenches pray him to stop up their holes,



Tink goes the Hammer, the Skillet and the Scummer. Come bring me the Copper Kettle



for the Tinker, the Tinker, the Merry Merry Tinker,



for the Tinker, the Tinker, the Merry Merry Tinker, O! he is the Man of Mettle,

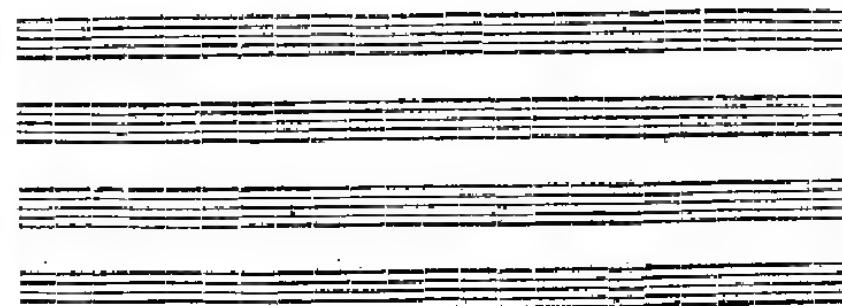


O! he is the Man of Mettle.



O! he is the Man of Mettle.

Dr. John Wilson.



*A Glee.**A. 2. Voc. Treble and Bass.*

Ly Boy, My Boy to the Cellars borome, view well your Quills and  
Fly Boy to the Cellars borome, view well your Quills and

Bung, Sir; draw Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir; nor Rascally Wine, to Rot um,  
Bung, Sir; draw Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir; nor Rascally Wine, to Rot um,

If the Quills run soule, be a truely Soule, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an'  
If the Quills run soule, be a truely Soule, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an'

ill drop will much an ill drop will much profane it. *Mr. Simon Frest.*  
ill drop will much an ill drop will much profane it.

---

Here Endeth the Second Part of this Book;  
being *Dialogues* and *Glees* for two Voices,  
to the *Theorbo-Lute*, or *Bass-Viol*.

*THIRD BOOK,*

## CONTAINING

Short *ATRES* or *BALADS* for Three Voyces:

Which may be sung either by a Voyce alone, or by Two or Three Voyces.

*A. 3. Voc.**Cantus Primus.**Mr. William Webb.*

With no more thou shouldest love me, my joys are full in loving thee;  
too narrow to contain my bliss, if thou shouldest love again.

With no more thou shouldest love me, my joys are full in loving thee;  
too narrow to contain my bliss, if thou shouldest love again.

too narrow to contain my bliss, if thou shouldest love again.

With no more thou shouldest love me, my joys are full in loving thee; my hearts  
too narrow to contain my bliss, if thou shouldest love again.

*Cantus Secundus.**A. 3. Voc.**A. 3. Voc.**Basses.*

With no more thou shouldest love me, my joys are full in loving thee; my hearts  
too narrow to contain my bliss, if thou shouldest love again.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Nicholas Lanfare.



Hough I am young and cannot tell, either what love or death is well; and

then again I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold

Yet I have heard they both bear darts,  
And both do aim at humaine hearts;  
So that I fear they do but bring  
Extreame to touch, and mean one thing.

Hough I am young and cannot tell, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold  
then again I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bass.

**T**hough I am young and cannot tell, either what love or death is well; and then again  
I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold,

A. 3. Voc.

Chloris taking the Ayre.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



Ome Chloris, hie we to the Bow'r to spott us ere the day be done;

such is thy Pow'r, that evry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun.

II.

And if a Flow'r but chance to dye  
With my fighs blaste, or paine Eyes rain,  
Thou canst revive it with thine Eye,  
And with thy breath make sweet again.

The wanton Suckling and the Vine  
Will strive for th' honour, who first may  
With their green Arms incircle thine,  
To keep the burning Sun away.

Power that evry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun,

Ome Chloris, hie we to the Bow'r to spott us ere the day be done; such is thy

Cantus Tertius.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bass.

Ome Chloris, hie we to the Bow'r to spott us ere the day be done; such is thy  
Pow'r, that evry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun,

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.



Hen *Troy Town* for ten years Wars with flood the *Greeks* in manful wife,

yet did their Foes increase so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Wals that  
were so good, and Corn now grows where *Troy Town* stood,

were so good, and Corn now grows where *Troy Town* stood.

yet did their Foes increase so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Wals that  
were so good, and Corn now grows where *Troy Town* stood.



Cantus Secondus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bass.



Hen *Troy Town* for ten years Wars, with flood the *Greeks* in manful wife

yet did their Foes increase so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Wals that  
were so good, and Corn now grows where *Troy Town* stood.



A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.



Rom the fair *Leydenian* Shore, I your Markers come to store,  
Muse not though so far I dwell, and my Wares come here to sell.

Such is the sacred hunger of Gold, then come to my Pack, while I cry what d' ye lack, what d' ye  
buy, for here it is to be sold.

I have Beauty, Honour, Grace,  
Fortune, Favours, Time, and Place;

And what else thou wouldest respect,  
Even the Thing thou likest best.  
First let me have but a touch of thy Gold,  
Then come to the Lad,  
Thou shalt have what thy Dad  
Never gave, for here it is to be sold.

Maddam, come see what you lack,  
Here's Complexion in my Pack;  
White and Red you may have in this place,  
To hide your old ill wrinkled Face;  
First let me have but a touch of thy Gold,  
Then thou shall seem  
Like a Wench of Fifteen,  
Although thou be three score Years old.

gold, then come to my Pack, while I cry what d' ye lack, what d' ye buy, for here it is to be sold.  
Rom the fair *Leydenian* Shore, I your Markers come to store,  
Muse not though so far I dwell, and my Wares come here to sell. Such is the sacred hunger of  
Gold, then come to my Pack, while I cry what d' ye lack, what d' ye buy, for here it is to be sold.

Cantus Secondus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bass.



Rom the fair *Leydenian* Shore, I your Markers come to store.  
Muse not though so far I dwell, and my Wares come here to sell. Such is the sacred hunger of

gold, then come to my Pack, while I cry, What d' ye lack, what d' ye buy? For here it is to be sold.

B b

*A. 3. Voc.**Cantus Primus.**Dr. John Wilson.*

**V**Here the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I couch when *Owls* do crie, on the *Bans* back I do lie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie  
that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough. *Merrilie merrilie that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough,*  
under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.  
*Owls* do cry, on the *Bans* back I do lie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie that I live now  
suck the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I couch when  
**ΛΛ**

*Cantus Secundus.*

*A. 3. Voc.**Bassus.*

**VV**Here the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I couch when  
Owls do cry, on the *Bans* back I do lie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie that I live now  
under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

*A. 3. Voc.**Cantus Primus.**Dr. John Wilson.*

**V**Hen Love with uncon-fined wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine  
*Abbes* brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fetter'd  
with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.  
With her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.  
With her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.  
With her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.  
**ΛΛ**

*Cantus Secundus.*

*A. 3. Voc.**Bassus.*

**VV**Hen Love with unconfined wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine *Ab-*  
*bes* brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fetter'd with her  
Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

A. 3. Voc.

*Cantus Primus.*

Dr. John Wilson.



Here the Bee sucks there suck I, in a Cowslip's bell I lie, there I cowch when Dales do cry, on the Bays back I do lie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie  
I'll live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough, *privy merrily that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough,*  
under the blossom that hangs on the bough, Merrilie merrilie dear to me. Fair I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough,  
Dales do cry, on the Bays back I do lie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie shall I live now  
Here the Bee sucks there suck I, in a Cowslip's bell I lie, there I cowch when  
Dales do cry, on the Bays back I do lie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie shall I live now  
under the blossom that hangs on the bough, Merrilie merrilie shall I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

*Cantus Secundus.*

A. 3. Voc.

*Bassus.*

Here the Bee sucks there suck I, in a Cowslip's bell I lie, there I cowch when  
Dales do cry, on the Bays back I do lie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie shall I live now  
under the blossom that hangs on the bough, Merrilie merrilie shall I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

*Cantus Tertius.*

A. 3. Voc.

*Bassus.*

A. 3. Voc.

*Cantus Primus.*

Dr. John Wilson.



Hen Love with uncon-fi-ned wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine  
Abes brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fester'd  
with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

*Cantus Secundus.*

A. 3. Voc.

*Bassus.*

Hen Love with unconfin'd wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine Ab-  
ses brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fester'd with her  
Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.

**D**O not fear to put thy feet naked in the Ri-ver sweet, think not Neat, nor  
Leech, nor Toad will bite thy foot when thou hast trod; nor let the waters, rising high, nor let the  
water, rising high, as thou wad'st in make thee cry and sob, but ever live with mee, and nor a wave shall trouble thee,  
waters, rising high, as thou wad'st in make thee cry and sob, but ever live with mee, and nor a wave shall trouble thee,  
nor Toad will bite thy foot when thou hast trod; nor let the waters rising high, nor let the  
Toad will bite thy foot when thou hast trod; nor let the waters rising high, nor let the  
**C**O not fear to put thy feet naked in the River sweet, think not Neat, nor Leech,  
Leech, nor Toad will bite thy foot when thou hast trod; nor let the waters rising high, nor let the waters  
rising high, as thou wad'st in make thee cry and sob, but ever live with mee, and nor a wave shall trouble thee,

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

**D**O not fear to put thy feet naked in the Ri-ver sweet, think not Neat, nor Leech, nor  
Toad will bite thy foot when thou hast trod; nor let the waters rising high, nor let the waters  
rising high, as thou wad'st in make thee cry and sob, but ever live with mee, and nor a wave shall trouble thee,

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.

**D**N the merry month of May, on a morn by break of day, forth I walkt the Wood  
so wide, when as *May* was in her pride, there I spy'd all alone all alone *Philida* and *Cupidon*,  
Much adoe there was, God wot,  
He did love, but she could not;  
She said his love was to woo,  
She said none was faire to you;  
He said, he had lov'd her long,  
She said, love should take no wrong,  
*Cupidon* would have kill'd her then,  
She said, Maids must kisse no Men,  
Till they kisse for good and all;  
Then the bad the Shepherd call  
All the Gods to witness truth,  
Ne'er was loved so fair a youth.  
Then with many a pretty Oath,  
As Yea and Nay, and Faith and Troth,  
Such as silly Shepherds use,  
When they would not love abuse;  
Love which had been long detested,  
Was with kisses sweet concluded,  
And *Philida* wish *Garlandes gay*  
Was Crowned the Lady *May*.  
Wide, who is *May*, was in her pride I spy'd all alone all alone *Philida* and *Cupidon*,  
In the merry month of May, on a morn by break of day, forth I walkt the Wood so  
**I**

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

**I**N the merry month of May, on a morn by break of day, forth I walkt the Wood so  
wide, when as *May* was in her pride, there I spy'd all alone all alone *Philida* and *Cupidon*,

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Lawes.



My Clarissa thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air;  
 Fresher than Flow'r's in May, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.

When first I saw thee, I felt a flame,  
 Which from thine Eyes like lightning came;  
 Sure it was Cupid's Dart,  
 It pierc'd quite through my heart;  
 Oh, could thy breast once feel the same!

A wound so powerfull would urge thy soule,  
 Spight of a foward heart, coyneis controule;  
 And make thy love as fitt  
 As is the heart thou prick'st,  
 Forcing thee with me to condole.

Let not such Fortune my Love betide;  
 Oh, let your rocky breast be mollifid!  
 Send me not to my Grave  
 Unpitied like a slave;  
 How can love such usage abide?

Sympathize with me a while in grief,  
 This passion quickly will find out relief;  
 Cupid will from his Bowes  
 Warm these chill hearts of ours,  
 And make his power rule there in chief.

Then would the God of Love equall bee,  
 Giving me ease, as by wounding thee;  
 Then would you never feare,  
 When like to me you burde;  
 At least not prove unkind to mee.

*Then flow'res in May, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.*

My Clarissa thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air; Fresher  
 than flow'r's in May, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.

Cantus Secondus.

M. A. V.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



My Clarissa thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air; Fresher

than flow'r's in May, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Lawes.



Aber your Rose buds while you may, Old Time is still a flying;  
 And that same Flow'r that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,  
 The higher he is getting,  
 The sooner will his race be run;  
 And nearer he's to setting.

That Age is best that is the first,  
 While youth and blood are warmer;  
 Expect not the last and worst,  
 Time will succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,  
 While you may go marry,  
 For having once but lost your prime,  
 You may for ever tarry;

*that smiles to day to morrow will be dying.*

Aber your Rose buds while you may, Old Time is still a flying; And that same Flow'r



Cantus Secondus.

A. 3. Voc.



Bassus.

Aber your Rose buds while you may, old Time is still a flying; And the same Flow'r that  
 smiles to day to morrow will be dying.

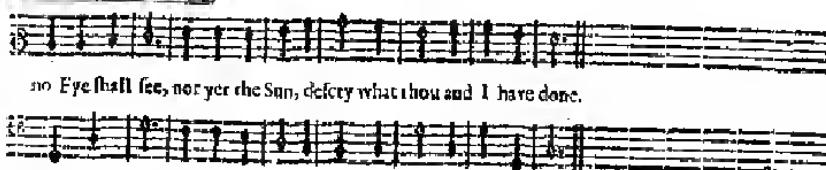
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two had,

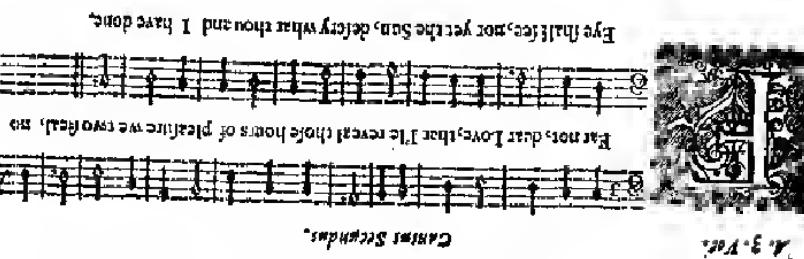


no Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, defory what thou and I have done.

No ear shall hear our Love, but we  
As silent as the night will be,  
The God of Love himself, (whose dart  
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart.)

Shall never know that we can tell,  
What sweets in thon embraces dwell;  
This only means may find it ours,  
If when I die, Physicians doubt,

What caus'd my death, and then to view  
Of all their judgments which was true;  
Rip up my heart, O then I fear  
The world will see thy picture there,

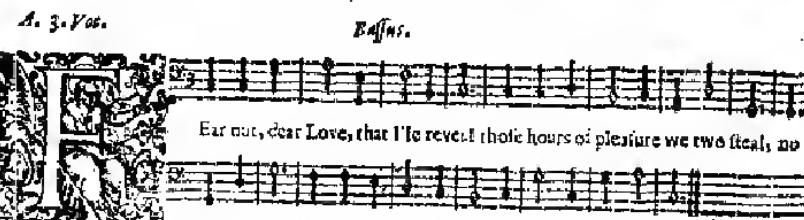


Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, defory what thou and I have done.

Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two had,

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.



Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two had, no

Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, defory what thou and I have done,

Bassus.

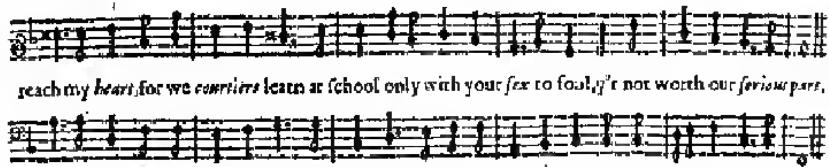
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Tompkins.



In young Folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear, yet you ne'r could



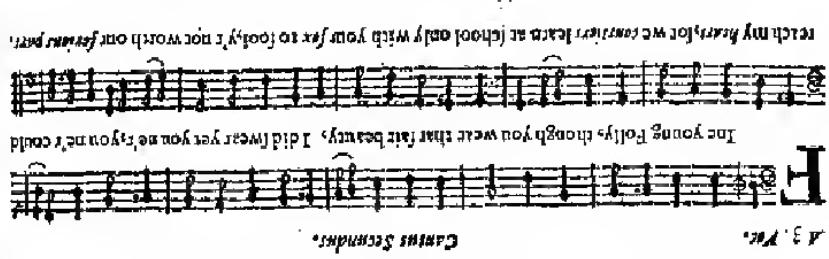
reach my heart, for we *couriers* learn at school only with your *fee* to fool, y't not worth our *serious* part,

When I sigh and kiss your hand,  
Crossing nine Armes, and wonder stand,  
Holding fairly with your eye:  
Then dilate on my desires,  
Swear the Sun ne'er shou such fires,  
All is but a handome lye.

When I eye your Circles or Lace,  
Gentle soul, you think your face  
Straight some murder doch commit,  
And your conscience doch begin  
To be scrupulous of my sin,  
When I court to shew my wic.

Wherefore, Madam, wear no cloud,  
Not to check my flames grow proud,  
For in foot I much do doubt,  
Tis the powder in your hair,  
Not your breath perfumes the Air,  
And your cloaths that set you out.

Yet though truth hath this confess,  
And I swear I love in joll,  
Courteous foul, when next I court,  
And protest an amorous flame  
You I vow, in carneltane,  
Bedlam, this is pretty sport.



In young Folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear yet you ne'r could

reach my heart, for we *couriers* learn at school only with your *fee* to fool, y't not worth our *serious* part,

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Henry Lawes:



Ing fair Clorinda, faire Clorinda sing, whilst you move those that attend the  
 throne, the throne above, to leave their holy busyness there; shall so much harmony attend to  
 think the spheres were made in vain; since here's a voyce quickens the floth of natures age; it comforts  
 growth, it comforts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake,  
 and can provoke a Lilly, can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake.



Lilly, and can provoke a Lilly, can provoke a Lilly, and can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake,  
 comforites growth, it comforts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lilly, and can provoke  
 to think the flettes were made in vain; since hec's a voyce quickens the floth of natures age; to  
 leave their holy busyness there; till each with his obedient ear shall so much harmony attain,  
 Ing fair Clorinda, sing, sing, whilst you move those that attend the throne above,  
 A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Ing fair Clorinda, sing, sing, whilst you move those that attend the throne above, to  
 leave their holy busyness there; till each with his obedient ear shall so much harmony attain, to  
 think the spheres were made in vain; since here's a voyce quickens the floth of natures age, it  
 comforts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lilly and can provoke a Lilly, and  
 can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. John Cobb.

Misches good Fellows, good Fellows, they Blow the Bellows, they Blow the  
 Bellows, they Blow the Fellows while the Iron's hot; though there gains be small, Thy pot and  
 my pot, come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call.  
 Hallow, Hallow, Hallow is the White Mare Fallow, hold foot white I strike, hand fall, hand fast,  
 hand fast with a Winton: Thy pot and my pot, come thy pot, come my pot and thy pot, sure  
 his but opinion Ale hurts the sight, For continually con-ti-nu-al-ly, Thy pot and my pot, come  
 thy pot, come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot their Hammers call.

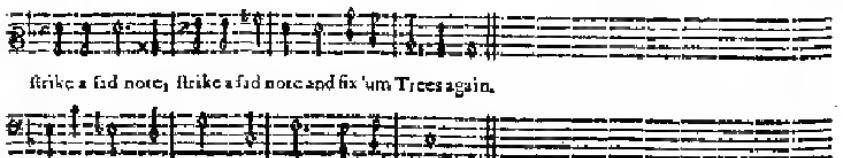
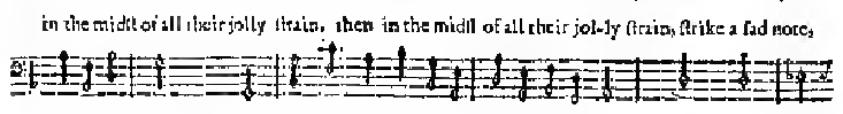
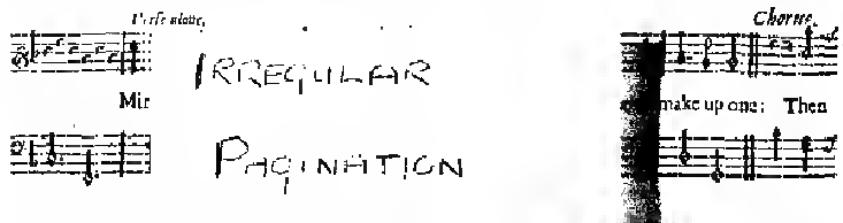
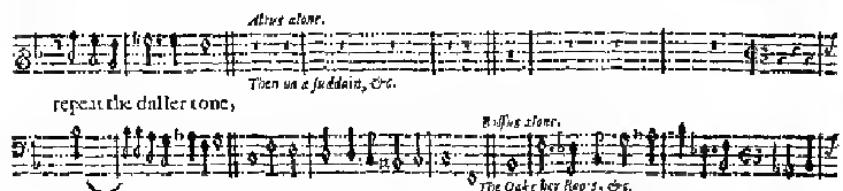
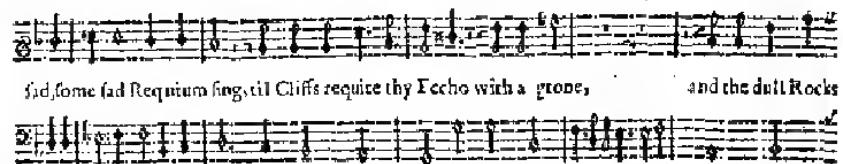
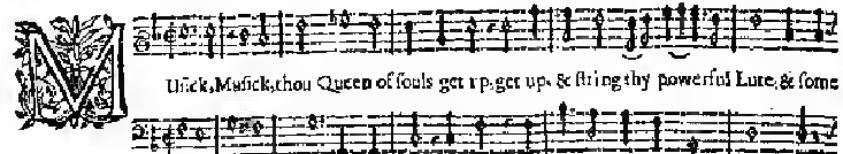
come thy pot, and my pot their Hammers call,  
 hurts the Sight for continually, Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come thy pot, and my pot,  
 and my pot, come thy pot, and my pot, and thy pot come like this but opinion, Ale  
 white Mare Fallow, hold foot white I strike, hand fall, hand fast, hand fast with a Winton, Thy pot  
 come thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot and my pot, come the Hammers call, Hallow, hallow is the  
 blow the Bellows, while the Irons hot, though their gain be small, Thy pot, and my pot,  
 Misches good Fellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the Bellows, they  
 Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc. Bassus.

Misches good Fellows, good Fellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the Bellows,  
 they blow the Bellows, while the Irons hot; though their gain be small, Thy pot, and my  
 pot, come thy pot, come thy pot, and my pot their Hammers call. Hallow, hallow is the white  
 Mare Fallow, hold foot white I strike, hand fall, hand fast, hand fast, hand fast with a winton,  
 Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot come; sure 'tis but opinion, but opinion, Ale  
 hurts the Sight for continually, for con-ti-nu-al-ly. Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come  
 my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call.

A. 3. Voc.

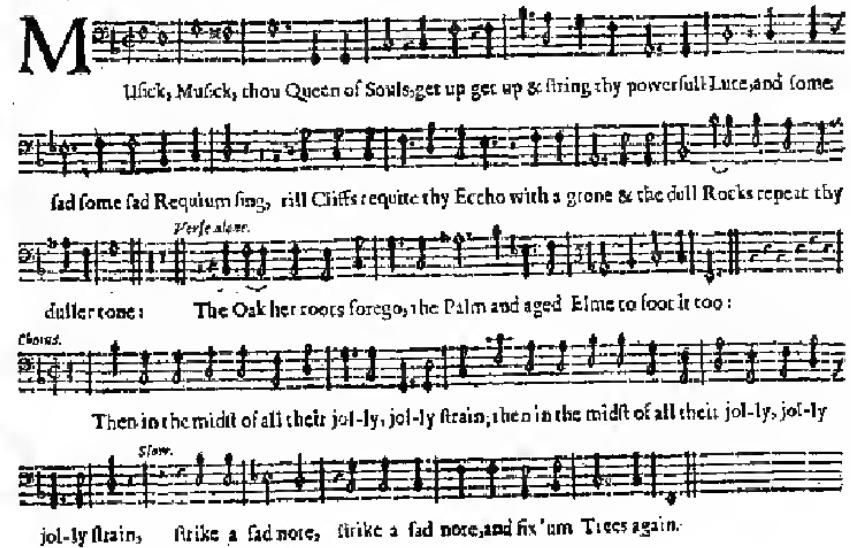
Cantus Primus. Mr. William Smegergill alias Caesar.



A. 3. Voc.



A. 3. Voc.





*A. 2. Voc.**Cantus Primus.**Mr. Jenkins.*

Be, see, see the bright Light shone, and day doth rise; shot from my Mistis  
 Eyes, like Beams divine her Glory doth appear, and view the pure light, Stream from her Sight  
 Stream from her Sight, when she shines clearly here; But vail her leuds; Ah then you'll find how night is  
 blind about the silent world, and we left blind; that darkness seems to prove, / or ought we see 'tis only  
 She make night and day to move; Then shone fair Celia left our borrowed light, when your Sun sets.  
 when your Sun sets, when your Sun sets, perish, perish, perish in shades of Night.

*A. 2. Voc.**Baffus.**Mr. Jenkins.*

Be, see the bright, bright Light shone, and day doth rise; shot from my  
 Mistis Eyes, like Beams divine her Glories doe appear; and view the pure light Stream  
 from her Sight, whilest she shines clearly here: But vail her leuds: Ah then you'll find how  
 Night is blind about the silent World, and we left blind; that Darkness seems to prove, for  
 ought we see, 'tis only She makes Night and Day to move, Then Shine fair Celia, left our  
 borrow'd Light, when your Sun sets, when your Sun sets, when your Sun sets; Perish, perish,  
 perish in shades of Night,

*A. 2. Voc.**Cantus Primus.**Mr. Tho. Brewer.*

Urn Amarillis to thy Swain turn Amaril-lis to thy Swain turn Amarillis  
to thy Swain, thy Demon calls thee back again, thy Demon calls thee back again: Here is a pretty,  
pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty Aibon by, where Apollo, where Apollo, where Apollo, where Apollo,  
cannot cannot spy, where Apollo cannot spy. Here let's sit, and whilst I play, sing to my Pipe, sing  
to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe a Rounddelay; sing to my  
Pipe, sing to my Pipe a Rounddelay.

*A. 2. Voc.**Bassus.**Mr. Tho. Brewer.*

Urn Amarillis to thy Swain turn Amaril-lis, turn Amarillis, turn a Amarillis  
to thy Swain, thy Demon calls thee back again, thy Demon calls thee back again: Here is a pretty,  
Aibon by, where Apollo, where Apollo, where Apollo, where Apollo, where Apollo cannot spy: where Apollo  
cannot spy: There let's sit, and whilst I play, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe,  
sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe a Rounddelay, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my  
Pipe a Rounddelay.

Reiter.

More than half this Song, for Two Voices, at it was  
first Compos'd by my Friend the Author, though in late  
Years, two Unward Parts have been added to it. J. B.

A. 3. Ver.

Cantus Priores.

Mr. Simon Ewer.



Ow we are met, let's merry, merry be for one half hour, with mirth and  
glee : To recreate our Spirits dull, let's laugh and sing our Bellyes full.  
To recreate our Spirits dull, let's laugh and sing our Bellyes full.  
Now we are met, let's merry, merry be for one half Hour with mirth and glee :

A. 3. Ver.

Bassus.



Ow we are met, let's merry, merry be for one half Hour with mirth and glee :  
To recreate our Spirits dull, let's lau·gh and sing our Bellyes full.

## In praise of Musick.

Musick miraculous Rhetorick ! that speak'st Sence  
Without a Tongue, excellent Eloquence:  
The love of thee in wild Beasts have been known,  
And Birds have lik'd thy Notes above their own.

How easie might thy Errors be excus'd,  
Wert thou as much beloved, as th'art abus'd ;  
Yet although dull Souls thy Harmony disprove,  
Mine shall be fixt in what the Angels love.

FINIS.

W. D. Knight.



SELECT

# AYRES AND DIALOGUES

To Sing to the  
**THEORBO-LUTE**  
OR  
**BASSE-VIOL.**

COMPOSED  
By M<sup>r</sup> HENRY LAWES, late Servant to His Majesty  
in His Publick and Private Musick :  
And other Excellent MASTERS.

The Second Book.



LONDON,

Printed by William Godbid for John Playford, and are to be Sold at his Shop  
in the Temple, near the Church Dore. 1669.